THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Founded by Michael Allmand

EDITED BY NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

D. J. B. HAWKINS — RICHARD CHURCH

E. F. CALDIN — HENRY FURST

JAMES KIRKUP — J. C. MAXWELL

HAROLD MORLAND — W. J. STRACHAN

BJÖERNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

HENRY TREECE — MERVYN PEAKE

F. McEACHRAN — MILLIE TOOLE

IDRIS DAVIES — DAVID PAUL

S. GORLEY PUTT — C. LINDSAY TAYLOR

AUTUMN, 1948

Volume V Number 2

MUSIC-SURVEY

A Quarterly Review

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

No. 4, September, 1948

Contents include

Editorial — Words & Music

Max Reger: Four Unpublished Letters — Trans. by C. H. Stepan

The Semantics of Music — O. H. McDonald

Music in Modern Poetry — Howard Sergeant

Music and the Literature of Childhood — Donald Mitchell

Reviews of Books, New Music, Concerts

—

Past and Future Contributors to Music-Survey

Edward Sackville West
Alec Robertson
O. H. Gotch
E. H. W. Meyerstein
Norman Demuth
Robin Hull
Ralph Wood

On sale at Bookstalls of W. H. Smith & Sons, Ltd., and at leading Book and Music Shops, or by subscription from Oakfield School, London, S.E.21.

POETRY
COMMONWEALTH

Quarterly

Edited by LIONEL MONTEITH
Asst. Ed.: LILIAN LOTHIAN

INVITES POETS
TO SEND THEIR WORK

Contributors include: John Heath-Stubbs, G. S. Fraser, Howard Sergeant, John Waller, James Kirkup, John Atkins, Roland Mathias, Muriel Spark, etc.

—

We also publish a selection of new work by the principal poets of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, etc.

—

4 Issues 6s. 4d. — Single Copies 1s. 7d.
post free

from THE EDITOR,
POETRY COMMONWEALTH
31 Dulwich Village, S.E.21

GAUGUIN

1948 is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gauguin and the *Presses de la Cité,* Paris, have commemorated this event with the publication of the most complete study of the artist's life and work that has yet appeared. It illustrates (with 250 reproductions in black and white and 16 in colour) all the different phases of his career: Impressionism, Martinique, Pont-Aven and Tahiti.

Three Guineas

Copies obtainable from
47 EARLS COURT ROAD
LONDON, W.8

ISS review

ILLUSTRATED

Edited by GEOFFREY GODWIN

This journal, published at the beginning of each university term (Jan., April, Oct.), serves as a forum for the discussion of affairs which must be the concern of every thinking person. Past contributors have included D. W. Brogan, Norman Bentwich, H. C. Dent, Alex Comfort, Nasim Ahmed and K. R. Stadler.

Contributors to the current number include SIR ARTHUR SALTER, M.P., PROF. ERIC ASHBY, ALEX COMFORT *and* NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

PRICE SIXPENCE
through your local bookstall
or 7d. post free from
PUBLISHER, 59 GLOUCESTER PLACE,
LONDON, W.1

THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Edited by NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

VOLUME V AUTUMN, 1948 NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MODERN CALIBANS. By The Editor	66
BEAUTY AND SCIENCE. By E. F. Caldin	71
CRISIS. By Richard Church	78
THE ENLARGEMENT OF EMPIRICISM. By D. J. B. Hawkins ...	79
THREE ARABIC-ANDALUSIAN CASIDAS. Translated by Harold Morland	90
SONG OF THE SHADOW. By James Kirkup	91
THE BELLS. By F. McEachran	92
AN UGLY CROW SITS HUNCHED ON JACKSON'S HEART. By Mervyn Peake	95
THE RE-DISCOVERY OF 'PARADISE LOST' By J. C. Maxwell	96
A LETTER FROM BJÖERNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON TO HIS DAUGHTER BERGLIOT IBSEN. Translated by Henry Furst	103
THE FEAST. By Idris Davies	104
WORLD WITHOUT END. By S. Gorley Putt	105
ELIZABETH AND THE SOLDIER. By Millie Toole	118
AUTUMN SONG. By W. J. Strachan	120
THE ENVELOPE. By C. Lindsay Taylor	121
DIDO. By Henry Treece	124
THE FIELD, EDGEHILL. By David Paul	125
SELECTED NOTICE:	
COLLECTED POEMS. By Lilian Bowes Lyon	125

THE WIND AND THE RAIN is published quarterly in January, April, July and October, by the Phœnix Press, and edited from 47, Earls Court Road, London, W.8 (Western 2928). Subscription rates are £10 for life, or 8s. 6d. per annum. In U.S.A. copies may be bought direct from Universal Distributors Company, 38 Union Square, New York, 3, and other American agents. Back numbers and advertisement rates may be obtained on application. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, if their return is desired. Young writers are welcomed, and a verdict on all work is given within a month.

THE MODERN CALIBANS

Some Contemporary English Critics

WITH a few exceptions to-day, critics have become like parrots; so repetitive of each other that it would not be unexpected were some stranger from a foreign planet to mistake the present art of reviewing for the sport of parody. Properly understood parody is no gamin impudence, but once it becomes witless it also becomes artless. When reviewers, having absorbed a misprint in the publishers' synopsis of a novel by Phyllis Bottome, continue to attribute to the heroine the wrong number of children, the repetition soon ceases to be funny: when critics, faced with a fairly experimental novel such as Philip Toynbee's *Tea with Mrs. Goodman* first receive the book in stony silence, until one of their brethren, bold enough to state his opinion of it, is applauded by the rest and their notices become merely an echo of his, then the repetition ceases to be amusing. Such a predicament, of course, is not particularly new: one has only to recall in the beginning of the last century the vicious attacks levelled against Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt by *Blackwood's Magazine*. Indeed, as Coleridge said: 'Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could: they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics'; or as Benjamin Disraeli said later in *Lothair*: 'You know who critics are?—the men who have failed in literature and art'. Carefully considered, the truth of these two comments is more in the nature of an observation than a plain statement of fact; an observation which it will be necessary to qualify here before turning more precisely to the function of the genuine critic.

Among some of the worst contemporary offenders are those appearing in the weekly press. Looking, for example, at the *Sunday Times* for June 26th this year—an arbitrary date—one learns in the novel section that in *The Foolish Gentlewoman* Margery Sharp is her usual and gay self: later in the same section a paragraph about *Independent Means* by Frank Singleton ends: 'Mr. Singleton writes well about unusual people: he must be watched'. On the same page one comes across R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's autobiography, *46 Not Out*, commented on with the remark: 'He says something to suggest that he had once faint hopes of fighting in that grisly battle which is a Test match. But if he has ever taken the field with any other fault than that of enjoying the game I will eat his pads and his batting gloves'. Again, in another corner of the same issue one discovers two books about the theatre dismissed in these four sentences: 'Mr. Macqueen Pope's *Haymarket* is worthy of its rich theme—the most gracious of English playhouses. Writing out of a packed mind, Mr. Pope evokes both the past and the present of this great theatre, and

leaves us in little doubt about the solidity of its future. The Haymarket is not perhaps the sort of playhouse that Miss Sophie Tucker would find congenial, but her vigorous and jovial autobiography, *Some of These Days*, shows that there is little in the world of the theatre to which she is foreign. This is a warm-hearted, heart-warming book.' (*Stop*. Two points in passing. The reviewer in the first place seems unaware of the use of a new paragraph to denote a change of subject and, in the second place, he has fallen a prey with his last sentence to writing exactly that sort of phrase which will be found in all the advertisements for the next month. *Stop*.)

Now these quotations taken from the *Sunday Times* have been made in no way to discredit either Miss Sharp, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Robertson-Glasgow, Mr. Pope, or Miss Tucker, but to exhibit what each week in one of the two Sunday papers which prides itself on a literary page is allowed to pass for responsible criticism: moreover it is a fact which only becomes more depressing when one realises that the three writers whose efforts have been chosen, namely, Ralph Strauss, Edward Shanks and Harold Hobson, are not occasionally featured, but regular contributors. In the first two cases the writing is merely slack, whereas in the third case, Mr. Hobson's weekly column, slackness is woven with slickness. In fact, in all these three sample quotations the choice of adjectives is good enough to bring heart back to the most dispirited of hacks, whilst it should be remembered by those who prefer honest journalism to pretentious journalese that the adjective which does not give life to its subject kills. Little wonder, if one week old, the book page in the Sunday papers appears as dead as mutton.

This censure is selective and does not cover all the contributors to the Sunday press: Desmond McCarthy, the Dean of St. Paul's, Neville Cardus, Beach Thomas and Eric Newton are all qualified for exemption. One remembers too with affection the late James Agate's provocative, but genuine, dramatic criticism. One may not on every occasion have agreed with his verdicts, but at least his standards were dramatic standards and his judgements acute judgements. There was his fine notice of *The Cherry Orchard*, with his description of Mr. O. B. Clarence's Firs that 'must have drawn tears from the policeman in the gallery' (May 25th, 1925); his dictum that: 'The essence of the theatre is that everything is happening in a small artificially lighted box; the essence of the cinema is that it has the whole daylight world to play about in' (November 19th, 1944); and his challenging postulation that: 'I know of no great drama, however difficult, whose gist, purport, central theme, cannot be outlined upon half a sheet of paper' (March 24th, 1946). Truth, as seen in terms of the theatre, was his constant aim, for he never allowed his histrionic sense to blur his historical perspective of drama. Unfortunately far too many of his imitators have preferred to say clever rather than true things, and it is a line of approach which is becoming current in all spheres of criticism—from films to fiction.

The result of this failure to assert real critical values has meant in the case of fiction that half the novels highly praised to-day are not read by the public at large: instead they are read by a coterie whose sole function, it seems, is to promote readership within its own narrowing circle and, at the same time, to encourage such readership against a set of specially concocted literary phrases and terms. For instance, an anonymous *capriole* published this year, *Flight out of Fancy,* whose wit never soared beyond . . . 'I felt, however, that there were matters of greater weight (though Vera must have been every ounce fifteen stone) requiring my immediate action' . . . was acclaimed by Lionel Hale as being 'skilful, playful and inventive' and by Elizabeth Bowen as being 'exquisitely rewarding'—comments which to the uninitiated might suggest it deserved a place beside Swift. One reading of it is enough, however, to prove that it is little more than a somewhat sodden squib and to suggest that its anonymity, far from being an asset, is only a liability. No chance of a rival to *Gulliver's Travels* here.

To show how these reviewing cliques are established is not the present purpose of this leader for their growth and development have already been thoroughly examined both seriously and satirically by Wyndham Lewis, notably in his massive tome, *The Apes of God.* Instead, it is the purpose of this leader to say something of novels which have both the virtue of selling widely and being good literature (the two are not necessarily synonymous). Both Graham Greene and Somerset Maugham are cases in point: not only do they fulfil the first purpose of a novelist, which is to tell a story, but they do tell a story whose subtleties are there for those prepared to look, but not so hidden as to make nonsense of the plot for the ordinary lay reader. In another category is Upton Sinclair of whose work there is a study in this number and whose novels are far nearer the tradition of Thackeray and Dickens than many of the more esoteric novels of the past twenty years which have found their way into literary histories. In short, the time has come when, if critical standards are to be preserved, a book that is bad must be trounced: to affect an effete politeness is as harmful as to bestow indiscriminate praise, since reticence is only valid if it is honest and objective, whilst once it becomes personal it tends to become partisan. The praise Belloc received in the 'twenties as a Catholic historian is a good instance of this. It should have been made clear, as he himself made clear, that his primary aim was not to write history, but to write essays about history: his biographies of Wolsey and Cromwell are no more than long essays such as that of David Cecil on 'the Young Melbourne' or Lytton Strachey on Queen Victoria. On the other hand, Federico Garcia Lorca's works, because their author's fate was to be shot in Granada by the tacit consent of the Spanish Nationalists, have been elevated to such a position in the literature of the Left that even some of his most simple lyrics about Andalusia are immediately interpreted as clarion calls against Fascist aggression. All sense of

the living poetry has been lost and some of the best recent Spanish lyrics eclipsed by having a political meaning affixed to them that was never intended.

It was said earlier that this fault of over-praise was not one especially confined to this age, but that it was one that had grown to extravagant proportions during this era as a result of the rapid strides made in printing. The effect has been to produce a situation in which there are not enough critics for the numbers of books that are daily sent out to be noticed. Criticism needs an incentive and real incentives cannot be created from without—the desire to be revenged on some writer, to earn some pocket money, to achieve print—but must come from within, since true criticism is just as much a vocation as it is to marry or to be a poet. It may be an added discipline as well, but then so is both poetry and marriage.

There are divisions in both criticism and the critical approach and it is worth clarifying these divisions here, because not only will it be the intention of criticism appearing in this quarterly to develop work along different lines ranging from Milton to the cinema, but also to present critics whose method and approach may differ from each other. There is a need for the academic critic whose main concern is with textual evidence as there is a need for the critic whose early training and critical acumen has been subordinated so that he is able to assess writers against their intellectual background, in which the full interplay of politics on letters can be considered. Time and again what happens with the first type of critic is that he becomes so engrossed in his own researches that he fails to allow for the inspiration which governs an artist's work. A poet who has steeped himself in Horace, and as a daily task has set about translating various odes, at the moment of taking up his pen may be aware that he is a classicist, but ten minutes later the fact that he may be called a romantic or metaphysical will not matter a jot. With the second type of critic, the intuitive critic, what often happens is that having struck upon a thesis (the process is usually gradual and is built up slowly as an author's complete works are read) one finds a minor figure in literature being described in the epic terms fitting to a major author: the thesis loses ballast and quickly sinks into oblivion. A treatise on a minor poet of the 'nineties must be seen against a much larger period than the end of an age: instead it must be seen in relation to all that preceded it so that any metrical innovation may be given its due, whilst it then becomes the critic's function to try to show how this particular innovation fits in with the whole organic growth of poetry down the centuries. It is his duty to be continually on the alert, always watching for fresh developments so as to be able to record any shift of emphasis that may lead to a newer orientation of the whole history of poetry. The process calls for a wide knowledge and a careful fusion and co-operation between the textual and intuitive critic: that the task may be exhausting, that a lifetime may be spent in its furtherance, should be no deterrent to the real critic, since if

criticism is his vocation, he will be prepared to expend such energy as is necessary so that analysis may always be backed up by comparison.

Criticism, seen in this light, can be as great an adventure as both marriage and poetry. It is at once, like both poetry and marriage, a creative act because in its achievement it is necessary to call upon the full experience of life, and not merely literary experience. Literature must always be placed against its social content because then its values become life values. There is the philosophy of Aristotle as there is the philosophy of the music-hall singer, and the wisdom of Seneca as there is the wisdom of the fisherman which tells him when there will be a squall at sea. In each case, between these four figures, Aristotle and Seneca, fisherman and music-hall singer, there is one common denominator: it is that they are men endowed with reason —admittedly reason of varying degrees—whose aim is to be true to themselves, to their inner calling, to their real vocation. Moreover, this realisation of vocation does afford critics who will but take opportunity of it that chance to advance from padding up and down their private libraries right into the world where face to face they may meet those elements of the human comedy from which all literature germinates. Those who are not prepared to make this effort usually find they have mistaken their calling; and there is no shame in departing from Bloomsbury when all along only far too obviously one's natural talent has shown one was better fitted to sell behind a counter than to buy literary opinions. It is this precise inability to admit one's failure that accounts for the extraordinary number of lop-sided reviews that are being written daily and re-echoed weekly; reviews which because of their parrot-like persistence are the cause of half the lop-sided books that are being churned out annually to meet the canons of the coteries. In the end there is more credit to the honest-to-god-fisherman at St. Ives who after a hard day's toil returns with his boat brimful with his catch than to the reviewer who after a week's dabbling is content with one red herring caught near Montparnasse, Greenwich Village, Chelsea—or is it Great Turnstile?

NOTE

The article that follows on 'Beauty and Science' is taken, in the main, from the author's forthcoming book on the scope and method of science, to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

BEAUTY AND SCIENCE

E. F. CALDIN

I

'HOW should science find beauty?' In that neglected work, *The Testament of Beauty,* Robert Bridges gave one answer to the question posed by the title of this essay; and though I shall answer the question differently, there is enough truth in his approach to make it worth quoting.

> Tho' science measure true
> every wavelength of ether or air that reacheth sense,
> there the hunt checketh, and her keen hounds are at fault;
> for when the waves hav pass'd the gates of ear and eye
> all scent is lost: suddenly escaped the visibles
> are changed to invisible; the fine-measured motions
> to immeasurable emotion; the cypher'd fractions
> to a living joy that man feeleth to shrive his soul.
> How should science find beauty?

At first sight, then, it might seem that science cannot exhibit beauty. Does it not exclude the forms and qualities that delight us, reducing all to a mathematical uniformity, refusing to have anything to do with the wonders that we see in sunsets, in apple blossom, in mountains, in music?

> . . . Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
> There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things.
> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
> Unweave a rainbow. . . .

But should we not conceive beauty too narrowly if we restricted it to what is apparent to the senses? (Perhaps after all this is what Keats meant). I would urge that we ought to admit also intellectual beauty, the appreciation of form and harmony in things of the mind.

> How charming is divine Philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute.

How then can we define beauty in a general way that includes the beauty of mathematics, of science, of philosophy, as well as of character and of visible tangible forms? How is beauty related to goodness and truth? The discussion of these 'transcendentals' and their relations is difficult, but at least we can say that truth is obviously connected with knowing, with intellect; and goodness with loving, with intellectual desire. In the widest sense, anything is said to be true in so far as it is knowable; likewise by the 'goodness' of anything we mean, in the widest sense, its lovableness. Beauty in our general sense is closely connected with these two, and perhaps we may say that

anything (a tree, a person, a theorem, a poem) is beautiful in so far as its truth and goodness lay it open to our minds, so that we can grasp its form intuitively. A friend is beautiful to us—more beautiful than, say, a stone—because we have a certain knowledge of his character, and rejoice in it. We know him as a unity, a person—not exhaustively, but yet not merely as a series of episodes or aspects or appearances. And we know him, not merely by discursive reasoning —comparing, contrasting, discussing, abstracting—but also by some measure of intuition, sympathy, *Einfühlung,* assimilation, insight. For instance, we do not argue that on certain occasions in the past he has been found reliable and so there is a certain likelihood that he will not let us down to-morrow; we simply trust him, on the ground that we know his character. It is this intuitive knowledge of a lovable being that constitutes the perception of beauty. It is not an affair of the senses and emotions only, but of insight and love as well. I do not deny that emotion plays a part in the experience of beauty, but suggest that it is secondary; it is the intuition that is primary and is the root cause of the joy. Nor do I deny the contribution of purely sensuous delight, but suggest that though itself good it is relatively unimportant except in relation to the vision it serves. Beauty, then, is one kind of good, arising from one kind of knowledge; it is intimately connected with goodness and truth.

It follows that beauty depends on form—unity, order, pattern, design. For a thing is both more knowable and more lovable the more developed is its form. A friend is more beautiful than a kitten, a kitten more than a pebble. Beauty increases as we go up the scale of existence—inanimate, organic, human. Now it is in respect of form that these levels of existence differ from one another. The material is the same for all—the same set of chemical elements, the same set of physical laws; but the forms are different. The form of the man is a rational soul and so higher than that of the organism, which in turn is capable of spontaneous growth, development and reproduction and so is higher than that of inanimate nature. And the higher form is at once more knowable and more lovable; and since it is more open to our minds, and since when intuited it gives us the more delight, it is also more beautiful. It is by degrees of form, then, that we can assess beauty

II

We may enquire what account can be given on these principles of beauty in painting, in sculpture, in poetry. These arts, I shall assume, are concerned with *significant* forms. The form of a work of art is distilled from the artist's experience in order to convey an intuitive vision of some reality; some person, situation, mood or occasion. The 'outer' form of the work and the 'inner' form of what is represented are both important. What delights us at first sight in a painting is the intuitive knowledge of its outer form. The *prima facie* beauty of a painting is not the beauty of what it represents; it has an independent beauty, related to the joy of seeing something as a whole, of

reaching intuitive knowledge; the mind rejoices in the free movement of the intuition, in the relief from ratiocination. The artist has solved a problem in line, colour, and composition; he has not merely copied, he has selected, emphasised, concentrated; he has made something that is visibly a unity, and a delightful unity. If now the outer form is significant of a beloved reality, we are the more delighted, because of the further beauty that we touch through the work of art—the inner form revealed by means of the outer form; for instance, the character revealed by a portrait. We find a portrait beautiful because in it we see, condensed into one form, the whole complex of a character, a human life. If the character is beloved, too, we are the more delighted with this fresh beauty revealed and intuited through art. Raphael's 'Madonna in the Meadow' is a superb piece of painting, and it would still be magnificent if we knew nothing of the people represented in it. But since we do know the tender relation of son and mother (realised best of all in that mother and that son) the sight of the picture conveys far more than a lovely whole of colour; it gives a vision in the mind's eye of something that we love and delight in contemplating.

> O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
> By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

Again, if we go to a performance of *Henry the Fifth* we see, unrolled before our intuition rather than our reason, the epitome of a vast variety of human life, brought into unity by plot and characters, so that we cannot but admire the play as a play. And in so far as the reality represented is itself beautiful, we are the more delighted; whether we merely enjoy the vigorous Elizabethan word-picture that the play exhibits, or whether we admire besides the truth of its valuations of honour, courage, kingship and so on.

A work of art, then—a significant form—opens to us both its own beauty and that of the reality it represents; the outer form is significant of the inner form. Evidently the work of art will be the greater, the greater the range and depth of the experience drawn upon. We all think the *Divine Comedy* a greater poem than some slight lyric that may nevertheless be as adequate technically to its tiny theme as Dante's poem is to his mighty one. The poem (or the portrait, or the sculpture) is the greater, moreover, the more the outer form is adequate to the reality represented. It should be transparent, should reveal to our intuition the form of the reality that it expresses. Compare this doggerel:—

> Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> How I wonder what you are!
> Up above the world so high
> Like a diamond in the sky.

with a passage from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*:—

> . . . The point of one white star is quivering still
> Deep in the orange light of widening morn
> Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
> Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
> Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again

> As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
> Of woven cloud unravel in pale air. . . .

Each passage is inspired by the sight of a star, but while the second brings a superb scene vividly before us, the first makes even the night sky seem trivial.

Further, in proportion to the reality represented, the outer form must have a unified complexity, an ordered richness, a variety in unity. The power of Shakespeare's sonnets, or of 'metaphysical' poetry, for example, is surely due to the great range of experience concentrated into one of those vivid poems, allied with the corresponding wealth of phrase and with the close-knit structure. The richer the diversity, and the closer the unification, the more do we find beauty in such a work. Here, for instance, in Shakespeare's Sonnet XIX, is unity in diversity exemplified in an amalgam of nature, mythology and human love, mutability and immortality, supplication and defiance:

> Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
> And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
> Pluck the keen tooth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
> And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
> Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
> And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
> To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
> But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
> O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
> Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
> Him in thy course untainted do allow
> For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
> Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
> My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Now I do not say that unity in diversity is the whole of beauty; but it is the element common to beauty in art and literature and to beauty in intellectual pursuits. It gives us the clue to beauty in philosophy and mathematics, and it is the characteristic by which we can best assess it. Mathematics lends us a simple example. A table of integrals is less beautiful than an elegant mathematical theorem, because our minds can seize the theorem as a whole, but not the collection of integrals, which has no logical unity. A system of such theorems subsumed under some general principle, or still more an ordered treatment of a whole branch of the subject (such as the integral calculus), has a still fuller beauty, because of its richer variety-in-unity. In philosophy, again, we may find a beauty in the synthesis of an Aquinas that is lacking in the work of one who confines himself to mathematical logic. In theology we may admire the work of a Karl Barth, dominated as it is by realisation of the transcendence of God, less than that of theologians who attempt a more synthetic account of both transcendence and immanence.

The key, then, is variety-in-unity in the human construction, agreeing with the form of what it represents. Accordingly we can assess intellectual beauty in terms of form, and form in terms of unified variety.

III

We can now turn to natural science, and to material nature which is the source of its data. Each has its distinct beauty. We may think of science as analogous to a work of art, indeed as itself a work of art, an artefact. The scientific account of nature has its own form, with a unity of its own, constructed to be significant of the form of nature. It is not, however, a complete account of nature; it leaves out important aspects of nature, and it ignores the relations of nature both to God, its first cause, and to man. The beauty of science, then, is not the same as the beauty of nature; they differ somewhat as the beauty of a portrait differs from the beauty of the character represented. We can treat first of science as an autonomous scheme, omitting for the moment its relation to nature. In what follows I shall write of physical science, but I imagine that a parallel account could be given for biological and psychological sciences.

Physical science has a unity of its own; it is a systematisation of sense-data, a mathematical unification of measured quantities. Measurements are brought into relation with one another by constructing functional relations from them, and these empirical laws are related by being subsumed under more general laws. These laws, again, are unified by theoretical interpretation from which (if it were complete) the empirical laws could all be deduced, and thence the behaviour of experimental systems. For instance, observations on (say) the compression of air lead to an empirical law, which is a particular case of the general gas laws; these are deducible from the kinetic theory of gases. The kinetic theory of gases, again, depends on the general principles of Newtonian mechanics, which in turn is a particular case of the more general mechanics that includes quantum theory and relativity. Thus in the unity of physical science there are combined measurements of diverse phenomena, empirical laws for them, and theoretical interpretations of many degrees of generality. All are unified in so far as they are deducible as particular cases from the general theoretical interpretations.

It is in this unity, this form, that we can find the beauty of science. This is the kind of harmony, of variety-in-unity, that characterises it and determines its version of beauty. Though it uses mathematical forms, it is not at all the same as the beauty of pure mathematics. The unity of mathematics is due simply to logical rigour; it is the unity of propositions validly inferred from one another without regard to their agreement with fact. But the unity of science is not solely due to the logical rigour of theoretical interpretation; it includes also the experimental observations, which are unified with the logical scheme, in so far as deductions from that scheme are in agreement with them. A 'beautiful piece of work' in science is one that is in its way complete and rounded, one in which the facts all exemplify some generalisation or theory. The unity of science is perhaps less perfectly accomplished than that of mathematics, but it is a richer unity in so far as it includes a further type of harmony, between a set of

logically connected propositions and an independent set of observed data. Not only is the kinetic theory a logical whole and logically related to more general theorems, but deductions from it agree with the facts of observation. In the theoretical schemes the order, like that of mathematics, is due to deducibility; but taking science as a whole, its order includes also the agreement between observations and theory. This is the version of variety-in-unity peculiar to science, the source of the beauty that scientists find in it. And the more complete and integrated the theoretical account, the more diverse the phenomena related by it, the greater will be the beauty of science as an autonomous whole.

If we compare this version of variety-in-unity with that of metaphysics, we must admit that both the variety and the unity are inferior in science. The range of facts that science deals with is restricted, and the explanations are, so to speak, horizontal, internal to nature, explaining one part of nature by another. The universality that characterises metaphysics is missing, and so are its 'vertical' explanations, its account of the relations of nature to man and the First Cause. Yet the beauty of science appeals to us as solid and reliable; it keeps close to earth, like the beauty of Romanesque architecture; it is not the less fascinating for being limited.

The comparison with literature is more complex. First, the beauty of literature is not purely intellectual; it appeals to the intellect through the senses and passions. It works on us with the sensuous beauty not only of its own sound, rhythm and structure, but also of the experiences that it recalls. It presents ideas vividly and concretely to the imagination. In consequence it is capable of moving mankind in general more easily than either science or philosophy; its beauty is certainly more potent than theirs in this sense. Secondly, literature can draw upon the resources both of science and philosophy—the detailed picture of the one, the universal interests and fundamental explanations of the other. That science can thus contribute to the beauty of imaginative literature is shown by poets as far apart as John Donne, who constantly pressed into service the science and pseudo-science of his day; Shelley, on whose scientific imagery Whitehead has commented in *Science and the Modern World;* Francis Thompson, some of whose poems and essays are saturated with physico-chemical images; and Robert Bridges, whose *Testament of Beauty* contains memorable passages on science. And we have besides the explicit testimony of no less a poet than Walter de la Mare:—

I saw sweet Poetry turn troubled eyes
  On shaggy Science nosing on the grass,
  For by that way poor Poetry must pass
On her long pilgrimage to paradise.
He snuffled, grunted, squealed; perplexed by flies,
  Parched, weatherworn, and near of sight, alas,
  From peering close where very little was
In dens secluded from the open skies.

But Poetry in bravery went down,
And called his name, soft, clear, and fearlessly;
Stooped low, and stroked his muzzle overgrown;
Refreshed his drought with dew; wiped pure and free
His eyes: and lo! laughed loud for joy to see
In those grey deeps the azure of her own.

IV

So far we have considered science merely as an autonomous unified scheme. But we must also regard it as a source of rational beliefs about material nature. Since it exhibits a logical order, and since it is based on examination of nature, science evidently presents to us some image of the order in nature, the form of nature; of the harmony, the causal interdependence of events, But in physical science we do not make statements about causes and effects; we symbolise cause-effect relations by mathematical equations, which are purely logical relations. The wave-equation for the hydrogen atom, for example, substitutes the logical relation, implication, for the real relation, causation; the causal order that regulates the behaviour of hydrogen is symbolised by the mathematical order that relates the variables in the equation. Thus the physical scheme cannot be a full account of nature; none the less it is a genuine account from a certain point of view. Science is significant of nature; its order symbolises the internal order of nature. We can see, moreover, that the very method of physical science dictates that it must be content with thus reflecting, rather than adequately describing, the form of nature; because physics is restricted not only to the study of inanimate nature, but to its measureable aspects, to quantities, and in consequence the theoretical scheme must be mathematical, and must therefore use the purely logical relations of mathematics to symbolise the causal relations of nature.

Physical science, then, is not an adequate description of nature; it is a portrait made by an observer with a particular point of view and a definite limitation on his vision. He selects the data, somewhat as an artist selects. Science is a construction, made by synthetising selected data; it is not an untouched vision of nature. Certainly it gives us some understanding of the order in nature's workings, but not a full understanding. Moreover, it entirely neglects the relation of nature to man and to the first cause. From natural science we cannot learn what material nature is for, how and why it exists at all, and why it has any laws. In so far as we can answer these questions we do it in terms of a wider survey, made explicit in philosophy and theology, expressed concretely in poetry, felt vividly in the nature-ecstasies of a few. The beauty of nature, then, in its widest sense, is not to be apprehended through science alone. We need something like the outlook of which Dr. Sherwood Taylor writes: 'The man of science who wishes to make his expert knowledge contributory to an absolute wisdom must first complete it by making it a full knowledge of nature, not in all her details, but in all her aspects. . . . Man can

achieve four modes of apprehension of nature, of which the scientific is but one. First is a mere perception of her surface; diversity without unity. From these man rises through successive stages of integration, first, to the perception of the beautiful in nature and its integration in art; next, to the apprehension of the order of nature through science and philosophy, and the discovery therein of harmony; and lastly the apprehension of the world as made one in its orientation to God.'[1] I would myself prefer to say that besides the minute investigations of science and the unification of them that theoretical science affects, we need to understand the relation of nature to man and God, through philosophical and theological wisdom, and through the intuitive vision expressed in art. The upshot is the same: we need a wisdom that transcends science if we are to have a full view of nature. Science alone will not give us the conceptions we need for a full knowledge of nature and its setting; it is one strand in the synthesis, but without the others the scene would be impoverished indeed. Science, if the foregoing account of intellectual beauty is admissible, has a beauty of its own, peculiar to itself, characterised by the type of variety-in-unity that it exhibits; it plays a part, too, in revealing to us the beauty of nature; but we shall miss much if we do not supplement it with other modes of knowledge.

[1] *The Fourfold Vision,* Chapter VI.

CRISIS

One of the bankrupt family of man,
Creature of broken nations, here I sit
This sunny autumn day, and bask in it,
My muscles slack, my mind without a plan.
Down at my feet, a dog, a watering can.
From rose to rose two robin redbreasts flit.
I gaze at them, and then I read a bit
Upon the page that direful headlines span.

What is it, in the crisis of the fight,
That calms the fevered mind, and changes fear
Into this gaiety of confidence?
I wait what comes: meanwhile I watch the light
Fall golden on the greengage tree; I hear
The still small voice of myriad recompense.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE ENLARGEMENT OF EMPIRICISM

D. J. B. HAWKINS

I

THE British empirical approach to philosophy has suffered three repulses. The first was when Hume, half rueful and half chuckling, decided that pure empiricism must land the thinker in a practically intolerable degree of scepticism, uncertain of anything save his present impressions and ideas. But empiricism plucked up heart again with Reid and the Scottish philosophers. Its second repulse was an almost silent one, when, after Hamilton, it slowly faded away. There can have been few more striking examples of a small mind succeeding in overshadowing a greater one than when Mill so superficially examined and so effectively condemned Sir William Hamilton's philosophy. At any rate, in the second half of the nineteenth century, those who were not content with a pseudo-scientific positivism found their comfort not in a more adequate empirical approach but in the prim paradoxes of a highly Anglicised Hegelianism. Once again, at the beginning of the present century, Professor Moore refuted idealism and gave new life to the painstaking analysis of ordinary experience. Once again the impulse seems to have died, and contemporary philosophers are satisfied with exploring language or at least are loth to leave their self-contained linguistic citadel and face the excessively fresh air of experienced fact. It would be inexcusably temerarious to throw doubt on the importance of semantics, but it may be permissible to hint that this is not the whole of philosophy. While one should go beyond empiricism rather than linger on this side of it, the revival of a genuinely empirical approach may well be a modest but necessary beginning.

One of the landmarks in the contemporary repulse of empiricism was surely Bertrand Russell's rejection of the existence of consciousness. This was, of course, as Russell declared, a repetition of James's negation, but it was something new in British empiricism. Nevertheless it appears in retrospect to have been not altogether unprepared. While the analysts of experience had been speaking freely enough of awareness as well as of the enigmatic objects of which we might be supposed to be immediately aware, all the limelight had been thrown on these objects, sense-data and images, and their possible combinations and elaborations. Awareness was a shadowy spectator, and it seemed that the play might go on equally well without him. Doubtless there is little point in acting a play without an audience, but it is equally true that a well-bred audience takes no part in the play, and in any case philosophers had given up the idealistic and anthropomorphic aim of finding a point in anything. Hence consciousness could disappear easily enough and leave the philosopher with the

simplified task of interpreting all our notions as logical constructions out of sense-data and images. It was all very like Hume, but a Hume who took himself with deadly seriousness and suffered no recall to common sense by the clamorous necessities of practical life.

Needless to say, this highly sophisticated game with a limited selection of philosophical bricks could not engross attention for ever. Mind had to come back somehow. It came back through the analysis of meaning. Whatever may be the precise meaning of meaning, it is not simply a construction out of sense-data and images but something of a unique sort which supervenes upon them. A semantic universe of discourse had to be recognised along with the physical universe, however this latter might in the last resort be analysed. Although the first fine careless semantic rapture has perhaps passed, this is as far as many philosophers have attained up to the present. Whether they will suffer a disillusionment and emotional reaction which will turn them into existentialists on the Continental model is a shaming speculation into which it would be gratuitous to enter. At present, at least, a great number of British philosophers trust themselves to speak of nothing but linguistic facts of meaning and physical facts of sensation and imagery.

What can be said about this development of thought and about its presuppositions? In the first place, let us admit that there are moments when the Humian and Russellian simplification enjoys a certain plausibility. We can put ourselves into a state of mind when we—the active, substantial self—somehow seem to disappear and reality becomes an interminable and meaningless succession of incidents, in which the actors are not even things but the sensible shadows of things, and which is played at a speed which the slickest American film cannot rival. Yet, when we come back to real life again, it is evident that we have shut something off in reaching this curious state. The familiar example of meaning will illustrate what we have shut off. When we find that something means something else, we cannot possibly interpret the situation as being just simply a relationship between the meaningful and what it means. We must be aware of the meaningful in order to be aware of its meaning, and the relationship of meaning can occur only in a mind which envisages and correlates both its terms. We cannot dispense with a distinctive notion of awareness, but, in bringing it back, we must assign it a role which will prevent it from being so easily expelled again.

The suggestion which we are going to make traverses a common philosophical assumption. It has been pretty generally assumed that there is a fairly exact parallel between sensation and thought, sensation being an awareness of one kind of object and thought an awareness of another. In its commonest form this is an assertion that sensation is an awareness of particulars and thought of universals. We want to suggest here that sensation and thought are not awareness or knowing in any precisely similar sense at all. That there is an analogy between sensation and thought, on account of which it is reasonable

to use of both a general term such as awareness or knowing, we should not be so foolish as to deny But a merely analogical likeness is not the same as an intrinsically abstractible generic factor. We are concerned to show that, while the former holds between sensation and thought, the latter is not to be found. First, however, we must comment upon the historical origins of the common contrary assumption

II

We must, of course, as nearly always, begin with Plato and recall his sharp distinction between the sensible perception of the world of becoming and the intellectual apprehension of the world of real being, which is the system of the Forms or Ideas. Aristotle is sometimes, and with some justice, accused of being a captious critic of Plato, but there are occasions when we may think that he was scarcely radical enough in his criticism. In the present connection, after all, he did little but bring the Forms down to earth and turn them into resemblances between particular things, which could be the foundation for universal concepts. This is by no means a negligible amendment, but it leaves intact the contrast between sensation as a knowledge of particular things and thought as a knowledge of something other than particulars, even if it be only the universals which are founded upon their resemblances It may be that we can reproach Aristotle not only for being insufficiently Platonic in overlooking the metaphysical development so urgently suggested by the timeless necessity of universal concepts and universal truths but also for being excessively Platonic in accepting an antithesis of sensation and thought very like that made by Plato himself.

It should be remarked, because it has some bearing upon the sequel, that Aristotle is guilty of no oversimplification in the problem of the perception of the external world. He does not by any means maintain, as he has sometimes been accused of maintaining, that sensation presents us at once and unquestionably with an awareness of the external material world. His general view of knowing as a reception of form without matter has often led his interpreters to suppose that he held the function of what are called the external senses to lie simply in perceiving qualities which external objects already actually possessed in themselves. But Aristotle is far too honest and exact a thinker to apply his general principles to facts of experience without a specific check. When he deals specifically with sensation, he makes quite clear that the result of his reflection is to conclude that the actuality of sensation and the actuality of sense-quality are simultaneous and one; just as the sense-faculty, prior to stimulation, is only potentially sensing, so the external object has in itself only the potentiality of the sense-quality which it is able to produce in the sentient subject. Aristotle is a realist in holding that awareness always presupposes its object, but he is quite capable of recognising, as he did recognise, that sense-qualities belong ontologically to the sentient subject.

When we have grasped that this is indeed Aristotle's view of sensa-

tion, we ask ourselves with a new concern how he thought that we came to a knowledge of the external world. His doctrine on the question is both obscure and interesting. The question in Aristotelian terms is of the apprehension of the common sensibles, which are first enumerated as movement, rest, number, shape and magnitude.[1] Later Aristotle adds unity as opposed to number or multiplicity[2] and, more significantly, time.[3] In another passage rough and smooth, sharp and blunt, are also added,[4] but these are evidently reducible to varieties of shape. In discussing the common sensibles we have to avoid falling into the glaring contradiction of supposing that they are the objects of a special sense which could be called the common sense, and it would be inadequate to say that they are characters common to all kinds of sensation. Rather they are, with the exception of time, the fundamental characters of body and are apprehended by the sensibility as a whole, along with all kinds of sensation but in a different way.

Aristotle says that the common sensibles are perceived through *kinesis*.[5] Interpreters as eminent as St. Thomas Aquinas and Sir David Ross have taken this to mean a mental movement or change from potentiality to actuality. Nevertheless there does not seem to be any reason in the context why Aristotle should make an explicit mention of this accepted general principle, and in the previous phrase he has just referred to *kinesis* as one of the common sensibles themselves. Hence it is probably more reasonable, with Theophrastus among the ancients and Beare among the moderns, to interpret the passage as asserting that the awareness of all the common sensibles begins with that one of them which is local movement. Aristotle would be saying that it is through movement that we become aware of our own bodies and of other bodies in relation to them.

The apprehension of the common sensibles, however, differs from that of the proper sensibles in another very important respect, for, while the latter is more or less infallible, the former is constantly subject to error.[6] For instance, while the sun appears to the senses to be no more than a foot in diameter, we discover that in reality it is bigger than the earth. This is where the function of common sense seems to run into that of *phantasia*. Aristotle gives us to understand that the apprehension of the common sensibles normally begins as an appearing, which is corrected and made precise by a further application of mind. Of course this theory is inadequate and full of difficulties; in particular, the notion of an absolute appearing in which there is no primary awareness of a real somewhat, which then appears to be or to indicate something else, would, if Aristotle intended it, be unintelligible and unacceptable.

[1] *De Anima* II 5, 418a.
[2] *De Anima* III 1, 425a.
[3] *De Memoria et Reminiscentia* 1, 450a.
[4] *De Sensu et Sensibili* 4, 442b.
[5] *De Anima* III 1, 425a.
[6] *De Anima* III 3, 428b.

Yet it would be unfair and unhistorical to accuse him of a phenomenalism which he never systematically contemplated. His teaching about the common sensibles shows him, at any rate, to have had a fuller realisation of the problems of perception than probably anyone else until modern times. Moreover, it points to a very considerable difference between the awareness of sensation and the awareness of body. The nearest thing to it in modern philosophy is to be found in the conception initiated by Reid of the natural concomitance of a subjective sensation with an objective perception.

These obscure hints, however, remained buried in Aristotle and were scarcely utilised by later Aristotelians. The general Aristotelian view saw sensation as an awareness of some of the qualities of external bodies, while thought was concerned with the abstraction of universal concepts and their combination in judgement and reasoning. An exception to this neat antithesis came rather from a consideration of the reflective knowledge of the self. Here was an awareness of a particular which was certainly intellectual and not a sensation. Although it presupposed sensation and occurred in connection with sensation, as also with abstract thinking, it could in no case be regarded as being itself a sensory awareness. St. Thomas Aquinas was quite clear that the intellectual principle had a properly intellectual knowledge of acts of thinking and willing and of itself in those acts.[1] In general, however, the intellect was regarded by Aristotelians almost exclusively as a faculty of conceptual analysis and not of the awareness of particulars.

III

Now consider what happened when epistemological considerations came to the forefront. Very little reflection is sufficient to show that in sensation an object is not only—to use the convenient scholastic word—intentionally or cognitively but physically present to the sentient subject. Since sensation and perception had not so far been distinguished, it was natural to suppose that this immediate object of sensation was a representative idea, a picture of the external thing. As early as Peter Aureoli, who died in 1322, we find the doubt expressed whether God might not produce in our minds such pictures of an ostensible external world even if no external world existed. Thus one element in the Cartesian doubt was anticipated by three centuries.

After Descartes had given full currency to the doctrine of representative ideas, it took a century for the pseudo-problem to be unmasked. John Locke was still struggling with the really insuperable difficulties which it involved. It should have been a sufficient cause for suspicion that the ideas of the proper sensibles or secondary qualities turned out to represent nothing. Nevertheless it was reserved for Berkeley to reject completely the doctrine of representative ideas,

[1] St. Thomas Aquinas: *Summa Theologica* I qu.87 arts. iii-iv.

with his principle that 'an idea can be like nothing but an idea, a colour or figure can be like nothing but another colour or figure'.[8] Thus, while he still calls them ideas, Berkeley's ideas are entities in their own right, although existing in the mind which entertains them.

Here arises a new difficulty, with which Berkeley was not so successful. If sensation is still taken as the typical case of awareness, we begin to wonder, since it involves a physical unity of consciousness with its object, how we can ever be aware of anything outside ourselves. Berkeley's theory of the notions, as distinct from ideas, which we have of our own minds and of other minds is, of course, intended to overcome this difficulty and to salvage an objective world of minds, but the theory is so slight and undeveloped that it had little effect. Berkeley himself, moveover, as everyone knows, was unable to arrive at a notion of a material thing other than a system of ideas. The natural consequence was Hume's tenuous little universe of impressions and ideas chasing one another in accordance with the laws of association. No one, and least of all Hume himself, could take that seriously as the last word of philosophy, but the way out of the *impasse* was not easy to see. It was a judgement upon Hume when the enormous apparatus of Kant's three Critiques was constructed in order to expand the *Lebensraum* of philosophy again and to present us with a universe—dare we say it?—even less like the real world than that of Hume.

Yet, when the Kantian tidal wave subsided, the old difficulties recurred. It is only forty-four years since G. E. Moore published *The Refutation of Idealism*, but the movement which he so bravely inaugurated seems to have had its day. Once again sensation was taken as the typical case of awareness, and once again no efforts have been adequate to avoid the nihilism of Hume. Families of sense-data, groups of sensa and sensibilia, have been combined in the most ingenious and delightful ways, but they still impenitently remain sense-data and sensibilia; they have not yielded us the real world. If we are not to be content to supplement them merely by a ghostly linguistic world, we should be prepared to consider some modification of our notions of sensation and awareness.

IV

The fundamental point to which attention is asked is the difference between having a sensation and being aware of a sensation. All our terminology about awareness, it must be admitted, is ambiguous, and it is hoped that attention will be directed to the facts and not to a language which cannot help appearing ambiguous. No objection, then, is intended to a use of words according to which, when we have a sensation, we say that we are aware of something and conscious of something; it is suggested only that there is a distinctive sense of awareness in which it is not the same to have a sensation and to be

[8] Berkeley: *Principles of Human Knowledge*, 8.

aware of a sensation. In one way this is a semantic approach, since it is concerned to reveal ambiguities of language; in another way it is not altogether semantic, since the ambiguities of language are considered not as the primary objects of investigation but as snags to be avoided in dealing with facts.

The most compelling kind of sensation will provide the most difficult example of our thesis. Is it reasonable to say that we can have a pain without being aware of it? Not, evidently, in one quite natural sense of the phrase, for in that sense a pain of which we were unaware would not be a pain at all. When we are made unconscious by an anaesthetic, we become, as the origin of the word implies, incapable of sensation, at least to the extent required for the operation. But there is another sense in which we can have a pain without thinking about it. Nor does this mean merely having a pain without analysing it or without pitying ourselves for having it; it means having a pain without attending to it. This is, of course, extraordinarily difficult; any acute pain clamours for attention, and there are not many stoical enough to pay no attention to pain. Yet we do know what is meant by trying to divert our attention from pain and to think of something else, and we know that we can be at least partially successful in doing so. The sensible pain is just as much there as before, although we are not indulging ourselves in the intellectual pain of having a sensible pain. Thus we can conceive a limiting case in which we have succeeded in wholly diverting our intellectual attention from a pain although we are still having the pain. When babies cry, it may be presumed that this is the direct result of some sensible pain, not necessarily of any very acute character, but without intellectual endorsement or control.

Consider now the more favourable case when we seem to remember something which we have not previously noticed. We begin to notice the clock striking only when it is half-way through its strike, but then we remember that it has already been striking for some short time. Must we postulate that we have really given some minimum of attention to the earlier part of the strike? This does not appear to be necessary; we may have been completely immersed in some other object of attention. All that seems to be required is that we had in fact the relevant auditory sensations; we can now recall them and for the first time attend to them.

We conclude, therefore, on general grounds of introspective analysis which we have briefly exemplified, that there is a distinction between having a sensation and being aware of it. The latter situation may be called one of reflective awareness, but it is really what primarily deserves the name of awareness. For, when we examine that of which we are aware when we are reflectively aware of a sensation, the sensation itself does not reveal any duality of awareness and object. The sensation is just an event which we cannot divide into subject and object; it is subjective, wholly subjective, in so far as it belongs to ourselves, and it is objective, wholly objective, in so far as it enjoys

its own proper reality and is not an idea or a perception of anything other than itself. This is obviously true when we reflect upon most kinds of sensation; it is less obviously true about sight, for we employ sight so readily and elaborately as our principal means of obtaining information about the external world, but we are able to see that it is none the less true of sight when we reflect upon the immediate visual object for its own sake.

We can see now, moreover, what it is that we are doing when we enter into Hume's or Russell's universe. We are trying to shut off the whole business of intellectual attention, or rather, we are trying to leave intellectual attention out of account, for it requires a certain effort of intellectual concentration to do this. We are putting a ring round a self-contained universe of sense-data and images, leaving aside both our thinking about it and the ulterior significance which thought reads into it, and we are seeing whether we can construct anything like the real world by using only these materials. We see in the end that we cannot, or else our notion of the real world will be pretty impoverished.

A difficulty may be dealt with at once. We may wonder why, if sensation is really like this, we so naturally and readily use terms like awareness or consciousness of mere sensation and imagination. The reason is that sensations and their complementary images serve as indications of the state of the external world and of our own bodies. On the purely sensory level they are not apprehended as signs, for the apprehension of a sign as a sign belongs to thought, but they are not less behaviouristically efficacious as signs. It is not difficult to see how a sufficiently developed system of sensations serves as a reflection of the physical world, not by resembling it but by being correspondingly differentiated, and so stimulates appropriate behaviour in relation to the physical world upon a basis of instinctive reactions refined by experience. We have, after all, our own instinctive and acquired reactions to sensation which do not call for the intervention of thought or awareness in the full sense of the term. It is not difficult, therefore, to conceive in general what existence on the animal level must be, although we can scarcely take specifically into account the differences in the mode of sensation characteristic of various types of animals. The Humian and Russellian universes are perhaps, indeed, best interpreted as excursions into animal psychology.

V

Turning now to awareness in the full sense of the term, we appreciate that it is an absolutely distinctive and irreducible factor in the real world. There is no way of describing it except to disentangle it from what is not itself. We have seen that it is not in the least the same as having a sensation or entertaining an image. We can arrive at its elementary nature again from the other direction by distinguishing it from its own elaborations. Analysis, the apprehension of relations, the formation of universal concepts, reasoning, all presuppose

and are differentiations of something elementary which is simply awareness and, in the first place, awareness of some real object. The primary awareness is an awareness that some particular thing exists.

A distinction is not uncommonly made between knowledge-of and knowledge-that. Knowledge-of, as distinct from knowledge-that, can only mean sensation and imagination. Hence we shall say that knowledge-of is not knowledge except in a remote and analogical sense. All real knowledge is knowledge-that; even our most primitive awareness is a knowledge that something exists and, consequently, it may be remarked, an invitation to indulge in metaphysics.

When we consider objectively what awareness means, we begin to wonder at the gratuitous tendency of those philosophers who are usually called empiricists to restrict its meaning to consciousness or awareness of something belonging to the self and, indeed, even more narrowly, to the consciousness of sensations and images. We do not begin to know anything about knowing until we understand that it is precisely the way in which we transcend our subjectivity. We are bound to go on being our limited selves, but the peculiar character and joy of knowing is that we can know what is not the self. *Obiectum intellectus est ens,* and, even if we have to begin with *ens sensibile,* we do not have to end with it, nor is this specific limitation characteristic of intellect except when united with a body.

The mistake of epistemological idealism, whether it holds that we are conversant only with ideas of things and never with things themselves or that the sole realities that we can know are contents of consciousness, whatever that may be taken to mean, is dissipated by any clear reflection upon the notion of knowing. When we meditate upon what knowing is, we see at once that there is no reason at all why we should not have even direct and immediate knowledge of things other than ourselves. We are speaking of logically immediate knowledge. No doubt there is psychological mediacy when we know things other than ourselves; we can know them only in so far as we are stimulated by them and attuned to them, but it does not follow that such knowledge must be logically mediate or discursive. We have to avoid not only the more fantastic error of solipsism, even of the merely methodological kind, but also the persistent prejudice that knowledge of the external world must be a matter of inference. There is no rational ground whatever for this assumption, and we are entitled to examine the facts dispassionately without regard to it.

The latent vice of what is usually known as empiricism is that it has implicitly regarded awareness as epiphenomenal. However it has defined the group of objects of which we can be aware, awareness itself has been no more than a ghostly accompaniment to the movements of these objects, keeping step with them as best it can in a silent and ghostly manner. In fact, however, we cannot understand true awareness, the awareness of thought, as anything but an original and irreducible energy in the universe of reality, not simply accompanying

certain elements in it but laying hold of and assimilating the real as far as it may.

When we think of knowing, we must think of it, then, as existing in its own right. We must not think of ourselves merely as bodies in which there are certain curious phenomena of consciousness; we have to think of ourselves as beings which have, with equal primariness, both mental and bodily characters. Our mental side is largely conditioned by our bodily side, but so is our bodily side by our mental side. At any rate our mental side has its own characteristic energy by which it seeks to assimilate, in the manner proper to mind, not only the bodily self but the external physical world and the universe of reality which is wider than the physical world. If we have this realisation of the nature of mind, we can progress from what has been called empiricism to an empiricism which deserves its name by doing justice to the whole of experience.

VI

On the basis of what has preceded we may attempt to indicate briefly and dogmatically what a genuinely empirical philosophy might be at the present day. It has to face squarely all those difficult questions about the analysis and evaluation of our commonsense beliefs which have been a preoccupation of philosophy since Descartes. If a philosopher tries to sidetrack these questions and takes refuge in a purely abstract epistemology about the nature of the intellect and the nature of truth, he is not being empirical. But, in coping with the difficulties, he will avoid that autohypnosis with sensation which brought the first British philosophy of experience to a dead end with Hume and has had much the same effect upon the new empirical realism of the present century. When he looks to the past, he will find more inspiration in the wider horizons of Reid and, especially, of the mature Hamilton in his so deplorably pedantic, so thrillingly acute and so regrettably incomplete dissertations on Reid.

Realising that there are other empirical data besides sensation, he will not make the mistake of supposing that he can evolve the consciousness of body out of an elaboration of mere sensations. Mere sensations, even of the visual and tactile kinds, are not three-dimensional, nor is it possible to construct the experience of volume by adding a third dimension to the two dimensions of visual sensation as it is in itself. It would be just as reasonable to think of constructing the experience of volume by putting together three time-dimensions. For the experience of volume is indeed an experience, and it is more precisely the experience of mass. Mass is a factor of reality which includes volume and is in that respect measurable in three dimensions, but it is presented in a unique and irreducible experience, and reality might contain other factors besides mass which were voluminous. The investigation of the consciousness of our own bodies must be distinct from the discussion of sensation.

Moreover our consciousness is not simply of a body affected by

sensations; it is a consciousness of a self possessing a body affected by sensations. The notion of activity is not to be found in the mere consciousness of body and sensation, nor can it be analysed into causality in the modern sense of a relation of determining temporal antecedents and determined temporal consequent. The source of the proper notion of activity or agency must be sought in the consciousness of the self which possesses bodily characteristics and is affected by sensation, and which is active in maintaining and developing its being, both bodily and mental.

The fully empirical philosopher will go on to examine how we perceive the external world and other minds without assuming in advance that such knowledge must be inferential. If there is adequate evidence that we sometimes have direct knowledge of external things and perhaps also of other minds, he will be ready to accept it. Nor will he refuse to look at the evidence for some direct knowledge of the past in memory.

With a proper understanding of the distinctive character of awareness he will not succumb to the residual Platonism which led Aristotle, when he converted the Forms into universals, to suppose that thought was no more than a faculty of analysis and abstraction. He will be ready to make a necessary modification of customary assumptions, which have been accepted much more widely than the Platonic and Aristotelian systems with which they originated, by putting the dividing-line between the purely sensory and the intellectual one stage further back, seeing analysis and abstraction, together with reasoning, as differentiations and developments of a primitive awareness of fact which is also the beginning of thought. It is the power of reflective awareness, which is awareness as a distinctive act, that is the fundamental character of thinking.

When he has penetrated so far, he will see very clearly that he cannot be a true empiricist without becoming a metaphysician. He has to find out what the analysis of the situation is when he is aware that something exists or that a subject possesses qualities and activities. The problem of being and the problem of substance and attribute arise as directly out of our ordinary experience as they are clearly enshrined in the structure of our ordinary language.

This is the kind of philosophy for which we may hope. Modern philosophy has lingered so long in its perplexities about the logical value of commonsense beliefs that the preoccupations of older philosophers have come to seem meaningless to many and are by some roundly declared to be meaningless. A merely antiquarian revival of the old which did not try to answer later difficulties would soon be returned to the museum from which it came. What we need is an empiricism which does justice to the whole of experience, an empirical approach to metaphysics and a consequent renewal of metaphysical thinking upon more completely explored epistemological foundations.

THREE ARABIC - ANDALUSIAN CASIDAS

Translated by
HAROLD MORLAND

['In eleventh century Andalusia, Arabic poets already perfected the style of the short lyric called the *casida*. . . . The spirit of the desert, transplanted in the luxuriant Andalusian landscape, introduced a tightly wrought imagery into Spanish lyricism. . . . One facet . . . is its astonishing obsession with erotic love, reinforced by the platonic notion of chastity. . . . The tendency throughout was to petrify the image. . . . (The Arabic poet) delighted in fixing dreams and quickly perishing life in the form of brilliant arabesques . . .'—Edwin Honig.]

ABSENCE

Endlessly I search the skies
To find a star lit by your eyes;

I ask each traveller what land
Breathes fragrantly of you. I stand

Lonely, the wind upon my face
To tell what news there is, what trace. . . .

But when a song recalls your name
I walk the roads, endless and same,

Seeking a face that bears the sign
Of having seen you, one like mine. . . .

ABU BAKR AL-TURTUSI (11th Century)

TIDE IN THE GUADALQUIVIR

The boyish wind in playfulness
Tore the river's flimsy dress
Who, overflowing helter-skelter
For revenge, hears doves that mock it
From the shelter of a thicket,
And ashamed resumes her place,
Veiling with morning mist her face.

BEN SAFAR AL-MARINI OF ALMERIA (12th Century)

THE FOUNTAIN

Fair the fountain flinging high
Its shooting stars against the sky,
Like acrobats they leap and fly.

Impetuous snakes of water writhe
Towards the basin, darting, lithe. . . .

But in the basin now content
Forgetting its troubles,
Shows in its merriment
Teeth of glittering bubbles. . . .

BEN RAIA OF SEVILLE (13th Century)

SONG OF THE SHADOW

Come, lie in the lap of the hill,
and let us take our wanderings to bed
in heather, ling, or in the social bracken.
Here are mosses to lay your willing head
with mine asleep, and here the sun
of this last autumn afternoon will shortly come
to touch and cover you with kisses, till
the cold clamour of your solitude is still,
under the hill.

Come, lie in the lap of the hill,
in the glen's brown wilderness
through which the bitter day's
bright stones and waving rushes
coldly sparkle in the wind's darkening eyes.
Love, bury warm with me some summer tenderness
before it vanishes along the winter skies: O fill
your arms with me, and with our darkness dwell,
under the hill.

JAMES KIRKUP

THE BELLS

F. McEACHRAN

IT WAS a Sunday morning, warm with Spring, and on the train from Chiasso I could see through the window the first white of the hawthorn on the hills and the rich emerald of the grass. I had hardly slept the night before and a certain drowsiness pervaded my being, leaving me peculiarly receptive to new feelings. What struck me most of all, as we rolled past the Swiss villages one after the other, was the recurrent pealings of the church bells, which, for at least two hours, accompanied my journey on this fatal morning. Whether it was my own remoteness from my home or my growing drowsiness, or the lambent beauty of the landscape, or perhaps even the rhythmic movement of the train, the effect of the bells on me on this occasion was indescribable. It was an experience of a kind I have never had before and to which I shall always look back with nostalgia.

The bells were saying something with an insistence I have never known before. At all times bells have exercised influence over me, often melancholy, sometimes alarming, calling me to some unknown destination, summoning me to some mysterious task, reminding me of a forgotten home. The peal of a bell is an intrusion upon the busy life of the world, imperative, urgent, importunate, so different in essence from all other sounds, that it forces itself without difficulty on the ear. In the midst of the noisiest throng, in the centre of the busiest thoroughfare, in battles or in earthquakes, it is not possible to avoid the sound of a bell, plangent, perturbing, appealing. How much more so then on a quiet Sunday morning, accompanied by the drowsy movement of the train, whose quick moving tempo and rhythm the peal of the bells only seemed to interweave with another melody.

The peal of a bell is an intrusion, not so much into the world, as into the human consciousness. It divides the world into two parts, one belonging to the bell, the other to a region outside it, a distinction perfectly clear to the mind which perceives. The significance is not so much in what it makes us forget (although there is an immense significance in that), as in what it reminds us of—and here the full mystery begins. To have the world blotted out is one thing—it is hard to eliminate the world we live in—but to have a more ominous world introduced is something far more terrible. And that Spring morning, it was of another world that the bells were speaking and in sad though not uncertain terms.

Sad because, emerging from lonely distances and remote fastnesses, a bell can peal out poignantly to the immensity of the world. Fragile and tiny, inconsiderable in size, volume and pitch, a bell can none the less be of overwhelming effect, unique in its spiritual influence. Just as we experience a feeling of awe in the presence of mountains, so also in the presence of bells something akin to awe pervades our

being, inspired by the very smallness of the object when contrasted with its magic power. A bell can appeal as profoundly as a mountain, and by its greater subtlety penetrate more deeply into our being. If the strength and power of the universe be written on the face of the mountain the secrets of the human heart are equally inscribed on the tongue of bells. A bell is rung and a message goes out. Mountains may be the symbols of God, but the bell is the symbol of the human soul.

What was the message that came to me that Sunday morning on the road from Chiasso to Lucerne? All I can say is that it was in the nature of an appeal, a hint, a beckoning, and perhaps also a reproach. Who or what was speaking through the medium of the bells? I do not know and perhaps was not meant to know. For the emphasis was on the bells themselves and their interpretation of the message. What was unmistakeable was the personal accent—the very fact that here most decidedly was an appeal directed to me, a hint, a beckoning, a reproach. And behind it all the note of sadness, as if the bells were well aware that though they spoke with the tongues of angels they would not be heard and here was one who perhaps understood but who in the last resort could not be moved.

What then was the appeal on that sunny morning in April? In the ordinary way an appeal is made from those who need help to those who do not, but here in some curious way the process was reversed. Here was someone speaking who was not in need, who was appealing to me, not for himself but because of me. This inversion of the usual direction was not without its attraction, heightened undoubtedly by the plangent note of the peal going straight to the heart, an appeal to oneself for one's own sake, which one can't yet leave or not leave. I was not capable of tears, I was only deeply moved and the insistent appeal of the bells echoed clearly enough in my heart. It was plainly of the highest importance that I should do something and of the highest importance to somebody not myself. But who it could be the bells did not tell me and yet in my deepest being I quite well knew. The strange thing to me was that it should matter so much to anyone whether I responded or not and yet somehow matter it did. The bells would not peal like this for no reason. Of this I am certain. I have said that the peals were also of the nature of a hint, conveying knowledge of which I had hitherto been unaware. The world lies stretched out before us in our childhood, broad and wide; we do not perhaps realise that one day it comes to an end and with it life itself. The idea of an end does not come easily to man, in particular if his life flows on evenly and his reflection does not penetrate too deeply. Nor is it easy for him to understand a message of this kind which, after all, denies the very essence of his being. It cannot be told him in loud or strident tones. It should come gently, as a hint falls, reaching quietly but none the less relentlessly to the very depths of the soul. This was the hint which the bells gave me that morning, pealing out distinctly the meaning of

life and echoing, as the sound faded, the end that must come. I understood perfectly what they were saying and was grateful to hear it. I should never be able to forget it again after the pealing of those bells.

It was also, as I have said, a beckoning, necessary indeed for one who has (like me) lost his way. In the course of life, like many other people, I have been aware of having taken the wrong road, but never perhaps to the extent I felt on this occasion. What I had not known hitherto was known to the bells and they knew it far better than I did. In my heart the beckoning was telling me of the right direction and I knew perfectly well which way to go; I felt grateful to the bells for the information and yet I was aware that I could not go where I was told to go. The beckoning was insistent, and persistent always in the same note of sadness, as though the bells were aware their efforts were in vain. It is one thing to know the right way and quite another to follow it. The bells told me the one and echoed the other—which is why (as it seemed to me) there was such a note of sadness in their pealing. On the one hand the bells echoed eternity, on the other they reflected my soul; there was the difficulty.

There was lastly a reproach, too, over and above the sadness to which I have referred. Whether bells have emotions I do not know, but certainly they have wisdom and knowledge and are conscious of what men do. The message conveyed to me that Sunday morning was too clear to be mistaken and my response, unexpressed, was clear too. No feeling of hope arose in my heart as the truth rang out in the successive pealing. As they knew well enough I had myself passed beyond the stage of hoping. The appeal they were making to me, the hint, the beckoning, even the reproach, were all parts of a final pattern already sketched out in eternity, to which no final touches could be made and which nothing could change in time. They were going through the motions in a place where reality was already realised and potency had become act, that was all. I was increasingly aware, as one gentle peal followed another, that I had been afforded a glimpse into eternity, where the curtain has fallen and the judgement is passed. With this realisation came a sense of infinite relief, together with immense sadness. For at least I knew now there was a God, even if he had spoken to me too obscurely, even if he had spoken to me too late, even if he had spoken to me in vain. After all, it is something, if one is lost eternally, to be offered a glimpse of the eternal here on earth, on a Sunday morning, in a remote country, in the springtime of a new year. For the impressive fact was the collocation and juxtaposition of the two planes of reality, both of which were real in their own way—that here was an appeal made to me direct and here, too, was the final reckoning. Can it be that in addition to their obvious function of calling human beings to divine worship bells have an esoteric function also to express direct to man the divine regret that the summons is not heard? Can it be that the two immensities heaven and earth and the human soul are linked

together, when parted for ever, by this melancholy mystery of the bells? Can it be that the God whose presence is felt in joy throughout the universe, can have chosen to express the one and only sorrow He endures in the pealing, in this slender and unostentatious medium, which, with all its unpretending nature, carries further than the trumpet of doom? Can it be that when the end comes it will come not as a blast but as a knell, and that the last secret will be made known not in thunder but a gentle pealing? Can it be—as the wisest have often thought—that he who listens carefully to the pealing of church bells will read the mystery of life and death, of surrender and salvation? Can it be finally that I listened on that Sunday morning, and failed to understand? The conclusion I drew from this strange dualist position—and the only conclusion I could draw—was that in some way the divine power cares even for those who have not heard—or have not understood—such as the one to whom the message came that day: and there is hope perhaps even for the damned. When all contradictions are solved no doubt this one will be solved too.

AN UGLY CROW SITS HUNCHED ON JACKSON'S HEART

An ugly crow sits hunched on Jackson's heart
And when it spreads its wings like broken fans
The body of his gloom is torn apart

Revealing sea-green pastures and gold towns
And tents and children climbing to the sun
And all the white and crimson of the clowns.

But Jackson knows no secret way to turn
His tongue into crow-language, nor to plead
His right to pastures, tumblers, and gold towns;

The sullen fowl is witless that it broods
Upon a human heart, and that its wings
When spread disclose his childhood in a flood

Of early gold, where spectral vistas float
Their dappled meads and vales through Jackson's heart.

MERVYN PEAKE

THE REDISCOVERY OF 'PARADISE LOST'

J. C. MAXWELL

THIS phrase occurs in the first sentence of the preface to A. J. A. Waldock's *'Paradise Lost' and its Critics* (1947), and echoes, perhaps intentionally, C. S. Lewis's description of Charles Williams's Preface to the *World's Classics* Milton as 'the recovery of a true critical tradition after more than a hundred years of laborious misunderstanding'. Not that Waldock accepts the *Paradise Lost* that is the outcome of the rediscovery, which, he goes on to say, might almost be called 'the discovery of it, so new have been some of the viewpoints taken'. Indeed, a large part of his book is devoted to controverting the Williams-Lewis picture of the poem, and its publication affords a good opportunity for a survey of what has happened to Milton in the first half, and more particularly in the second quarter, of the present century. A fuller account of the trends of scholarship in this period can be found in the first chapter of B. Rajan's *Paradise Lost and the Seventeenth Century Reader* (1947).

The first notable point about the criticism of Milton during this period is that it has proceeded along two distinct lines, which have intersected only too seldom. Lewis's *Preface to Paradise Lost* was primarily about 'what Milton meant *Paradise Lost* to be', though, especially in his chapters on the style of secondary epic, he contributed to the other line of criticism. Waldock, just because his book has the air of covering a wider field, is more misleading: the name of F. R. Leavis does not occur in his index, nor that of Middleton Murry, and T. S. Eliot appears only as a critic of Dante. The second line, that which has concentrated on 'Milton's Verse' (the title of Leavis's essay), has also suffered by isolation from the discussion of the wider problems. When, for instance, Leavis writes that Milton 'is, for the purposes of his undertaking, disastrously single-minded and simple-minded', we feel that this judgement needs far more support, both from a more extensive analysis of the verse and from a survey of Milton's work as a whole in its cultural context, than it can get in a short essay, or than it has since got from any of those who take this view of Milton. With these preliminary remarks on the lack of co-ordination in present-day Milton criticism, I turn back to the aspect of the question with which Waldock undertakes to deal.

A brief sketch of the progress of Milton criticism up to the 'rediscovery' must suffice. Addison, in his comparison of Milton with Homer and Virgil, noted how these authors 'chose for their heroes persons who were nearly related to the people for whom they wrote', so that, in his view, their poems had inevitably suffered when read by other peoples. 'Milton's poem', he went on, 'is admirable in

this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors but our representatives. We have an actual interest in everything they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in their behaviour.' Johnson paraphrases and endorses this judgement, describing the poem as 'universally and perpetually interesting'.

But already in the eighteenth century the romantic interpretation of Milton, and specially of Satan, was growing up. An admirable survey of this has been given by Arthur Barker in an article in the *University of Toronto Quarterly* XI (1942), pp. 421-36. He traces the transition from Addison's view that Milton's sublimity rests on his having managed to reflect the sublime justness of God's ways to Burke's association of sublimity pre-eminently with horror: in the description of Death in *Paradise Lost,* Burke writes, 'all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible, and sublime in the last degree'. With this transformation of the conception of Milton's sublimity (in Barker's words) 'from a theory of religious elevation to a delightful sensationalism', Satan becomes increasingly prominent. Beattie finds it necessary to excuse the admiration he feels for Satan on the ground that he is regarded by the reader 'not as the great enemy of our souls but as a fictitious being and a mere poetical hero', and Blair (in 1783), exemplifying the type of criticism represented also by Morgann's *Dramatic Character of Falstaff,* analyses Satan as 'a human, that is, a mixed character, not altogether void of some good qualities.' Parallel with these developments there is a new attitude towards the Fall which is relevant to the discussion in the second half of this paper. William Smith (in 1739), commenting on 'the finest picture of conjugal love that ever was drawn' writes: 'we are pleased that they have quarrelled when we see the agreeable manner in which they are reconciled. They have enjoyed prosperity, and will share adversity together.' Barker's comment is admirable: 'nothing could better illustrate the insensibility of the eighteenth century to Milton's conception of the Fall than this reference to it by a Dean of Chester as one of those unfortunate misunderstandings that sometimes occur in the best regulated of families. It is this failure to comprehend the significance of Milton's epic which accounts for the emergence in the eighteenth century, and the continuance in the nineteenth and twentieth, of the Satanic interpretation.'

I make no apology for drawing heavily on a paper which is not very readily accessible in this country. By contrast I shall pass over entirely the well-worn ground of Blake, Shelley and the devil's party, and come to Arnold, whom we find again quoting Addison, but in a very different spirit from Johnson. His essay, *A French Critic on Milton* (reprinted in *Mixed Essays*) is an extraordinarily interesting document, and epitomises the later nineteenth-century view of *Para-*

dise Lost. Addison's criticism, he says, 'rests almost entirely on convention', and quoting part of the passage transcribed above, he comments: 'of ten readers who may even admit that in theory this is so, barely one can be found whose practical experience tells him that Adam and Eve do really, as his representatives, excite his interest in this vivid manner. It is by a mere convention, then, that Addison supposes them to do so, and claims an advantage for Milton's poem from the supposition', and a little earlier, on another section of Addison's criticism: 'disregard the convention; ask solely whether the incidents *do* interest, whether the sentiments *do* move, whether the poem *is* attractive and effective, and Addison's criticism collapses'. 'The right thing,' he remarks at another point, 'is for such a work to prove its own virtue by powerfully and delightfully affecting us as we read it, and by remaining a constant source of elevation and happiness to us for ever.'

One of the interesting things about Waldock's book is its essentially Arnoldian approach. The idiom is different—'constant source of elevation and happiness' is scarcely a phrase the twentieth-century critic would permit himself—but the contrast between what we (perhaps) ought to feel about *Paradise Lost* and what we do feel is a constant theme of Waldock—'if we are ever to see the poem as it really is, our *impressions,* surely, are what we must first and last attend to'. And the resemblance goes further. Arnold is not content with recording that most of his contemporaries no longer feel a keen interest in the fate of Adam and Eve—by the phrase 'mere convention' he implies that Addison and his contemporaries did not really do so. Similarly Waldock: 'between the impressions of natural, easy-going, unprejudiced readers, there is, I believe, no great variation.' Surely this is what Lewis calls 'the doctrine of the unchanging human heart' in an acute form.

What, then, is the essence of the attitude of Arnold—an attitude that remained current with no radical modification till well into the present century? First, that 'the incidents in *Paradise Lost* are such as awaken but the most languid interest', second, that in spite of this 'Milton has a side of grandeur so high and rare, as to give him rank alongside the half-dozen greatest poets who have ever lived.' There are other subordinate themes that tend to turn up, such as a rather vaguely conceived contrast between literal and poetic truth—'Milton,' says John Bailey, 'seems to have confused truth of art with truth of fact,' and later, 'all the poetry of *Paradise Lost* is as true to-day as when it was first written: it is only the science and logic and philosophy, in a word the prose, which has proved liable to decay.'

It must be stressed here how thoroughly Arnold's had become the orthodox view. A school edition is a good place to look for critical orthodoxy, and in 1892 we find E. K. Chambers in an essay on *Some Literary Characteristics of 'Paradise Lost',* prefixed to an edition of Book II, quoting Arnold freely, and writing that 'the poem has become lifeless', but that none the less 'it will never cease to be read. For

after all, style, not matter, is the enduring thing in poetry. . . . His verse sweeps on in great volumes like organ music'. And not only was this the orthodox view, but one gets an impression, impossible to reproduce in quotation, of firm confidence that it was in essence permanent—people would never take Milton's theology or philosophy seriously again, but on the other hand they would never cease to admire the elevation and grandeur of his style. In neither respect has this confidence been justified, and part of the interest in studying the late nineteenth-century view of Milton is that one can see how both the sides of modern Milton criticism arose by reaction against it. Thus we find Lewis praising Saurat for having 'rescued Miltonic criticism from the drowsy praise of his "organ music" and babble about the "majestic rolls of proper names" ', and having 'begun the new era in which readers take him (as he wished to be taken) seriously'; while on the other side we find Leavis able to express part of his criticism by quoting from Raleigh: 'all is power, vagueness and grandeur'.

I would suggest an experiment that can be tried by anyone who wishes to get an impression of the contrast between the nineteenth-century and the eighteenth-century approach to Milton. Take any passage that presents a genuine difficulty in philosophical interpretation and consult, first, the standard nineteenth-century editions, such as Masson and Verity, and then go back to the eighteenth-century editors whose work is collected in Todd's Variorum edition. The chances are that the later editors will have passed over the point completely and that the earlier ones will at least have seen and grappled with it even if they have not solved it. Part of the contrast has been picturesquely conveyed by William Empson: 'One has only to compare such duellists as Pearce and Bartley, who raise questions at every point, however they fail to answer them, which concern the essence of the poetry they are considering, with the mild and tactful hints, the air of a waiter anxious not to interrupt the conversation, of a sensible nineteenth-century editor like Masson.' (*Some Versions of Pastoral*, p. 152.) One instance out of many that could be quoted is Newton's comment on the very difficult lines, V, 469ff.: 'Our author should have considered things better; for, by attributing his own false notions in philosophy to an Arch-Angel, he has really lessened the character which he intended to raise. He is as much mistaken here in his metaphysicks, as he was before in his physicks.' Newton cares about 'metaphysicks' and pays Milton the tribute of recognising that he does too. Masson took Milton the political Puritan seriously (indeed solemnly) enough, but Milton would have cared more to have his central ideas understood.

At this point I propose to make rather a sudden leap, and take for granted that anyone interested in Milton has read Lewis and has an idea of what has happened since Milton began to be taken 'seriously' again. Part of the story is well told by Waldock whose book, as I have said, represents something of a return to an Arnoldian

standpoint, though with consciousness of recent trends. How much damage does he do to the structure built up by Williams and Lewis (to whose work I would add the excellent essay, 'Is the Devil an Ass?' by S. Musgrove in the *Review of English Studies,* XXI (1945), pp. 302-15)? Not, I think, very much. I do not mean to advocate swallowing Lewis whole, but Waldock takes too much for granted that would need to be demonstrated by detailed critical analysis. His book is, however, full of stimulating discussion.

In the latest edition of his *Milton Handbook,* J. H. Hanford describes Lewis's position as 'a sophisticated orthodoxy'. Waldock's is a sophisticated romanticism, but romanticism it still is. He is, in the first place, sure that 'God does not show to advantage in this particular story: the story is a bad one for God'. So far, straightforward romanticism. The sophistication comes in when he assures us that our dissatisfaction with certain elements in the way the theme is treated arises from the fact that Milton 'believed in it much less intensely than he thought he did'. Though this is a dangerous line to take, there can be no absolute objection to it: no literary critic can renounce the right to say: 'this doesn't ring true, though there is no conscious insincerity about it.' What is unsatisfactory about Waldock's treatment, as literary criticism, is the absence of concrete demonstration, and the inadequacy of what he substitutes for it. For at this point he turns to the *Christian Doctrine,* and contrasts the 'deep satisfaction' Milton clearly feels in the chapter 'De Filio', or in the rejection of Calvinistic predestination, with the account of the multiplicity of sins involved in the Fall which, he says, Milton 'most definitely did not believe in the way in which he believed in the inferiority of the Son or in which he believed in the freedom of man'. Waldock quotes the relevant passage on the Fall, and I cannot see what there is in it which can create this degree of confidence in his mind. It is a passage which is so entirely consonant with the handling of the Fall in *Paradise Lost* that each illustrates and illuminates the other. The truth is, as we find later in the book, that Waldock thinks that in the Fall narrative in *Paradise Lost* there is an example of the 'clash between Milton's theory of a matter and the matter as he has actually presented it', and this belief is mirrored in a quite unargued and dogmatic assertion about the degree of 'confidence and certainty' present in the corresponding chapter of the *Christian Doctrine.* (The assertion about *Paradise Lost* itself is better backed up by analysis, though still not enough.)

The same dogmatism is apparent in the next chapter, where Waldock joins issue with Lewis on the picture of Adam in *Paradise Lost.* I think he exaggerates the degree to which Lewis is committed to holding that the portraiture is wholly successful—the relevant chapter in *Preface to Paradise Lost* is primarily concerned with explaining Milton's intention—but the important thing is Waldock's confidence that he knows what Lewis's 'impression' of Adam is. 'It is not to be thought, of course, that Mr. Lewis does not receive the

same impressions of Adam as Raleigh and the rest of us; but he has succeeded in developing a kind of immunity to them.' I find this rather overwhelming; and it is passages like this, which are frequent in the book, that illustrate best the unsatisfactory situation that has arisen from the divorce between the two lines of Milton criticism. Lewis, Waldock and 'the rest of us' may all 'receive the same impressions' of Adam, but I am not prepared to receive it as an axiom that we do, nor do I see any way of settling the question except by close analysis of individual passages of the poem and a painstaking attempt to render in words, as closely linked to the text as possible, just what our impressions are. And it is in work of this kind that twentieth-century criticism of Milton has up to now been conspicuously poor.

There is, however, much of Waldock's book that is more closely argued than this. The Fall is his central topic: he devotes two chapters (more than a quarter of the book) to it, and it is here that he argues most vigorously against Williams and Lewis. Milton's view of the causes of Eve's fall is discussed in a way it would be interesting to discuss at length—the conclusion that 'Milton's mind was much less set on the *causes* of the Fall than one would judge from many discussions of the poem' has a good deal to be said for it. The main point, as he says, is the disobedience and the motives are secondary. It is when he comes to Adam's fall that his real fight with Lewis begins. 'Adam', Lewis writes, 'fell by uxoriousness.' Waldock will have none of this, and we can now see why he went out of his way earlier to deny the depth of Milton's belief in the account given in the *Christian Doctrine,* for Lewis is here only following Milton himself: 'in the man excessive uxoriousness'. Read *Paradise Lost* IX 908-16 and 952-9, says Waldock, and see if that is your idea of uxoriousness—'Adam falls through love as human beings know it at its best'. Lewis, he recognises, has an answer to this: that conjugal love is not the highest value, and that there are things that have a higher claim on a man. At this point Waldock decides that a little light relief is called for, and summons Miss Harriet Byron to his aid, quoting an extremely amusing passage in which that accomplished young lady asserts that Sir Charles Grandison, in Adam's situation, 'would have had gallantry enough to his fallen spouse, to have made him extremely regret her lapse; but that he would have done his own duty, were it but for the sake of posterity, and left it to the Almighty, if such had been his pleasure, to have annihilated his first Eve and given him a second'. Is this the Adam Mr. Lewis would have wanted? Not waiting for an answer, Waldock hastens on to another analogy. 'Suppose we take as a premise that Might is Right . . . and that a writer, adopting this premise, concocts a short story about a lifeboat' in which this premise is acted upon. 'We should not particularly enjoy such a story,' he goes on, 'and we should feel that the answer, "Oh, but you must grant the premises", had overlooked something.' I find this exceedingly confusing. Does Waldock mean 'Let us follow out the consequences of a serious belief that Might is Right'? But he does

not do this. On the contrary, his argument turns on the contention that we cannot seriously imagine what holding such a belief would be like. But if he means, 'let us see what comes of trying to take it as a premise', then the analogy contributes nothing. It still remains to be shown that 'there are higher values than conjugal love in a situation such as Adam's' is a premise as impossible to take seriously as 'Might is Right'. Milton may have been rash in attempting to depict unfallen man at all, and in particular in depicting conjugal love with such compelling force as he does in these lines. If we feel that the Adam of the poem could not decently have dissociated himself from Eve, the Christian and the non-Christian can both give a plausible account of why this should be so. The non-Christian can, if he wishes, simply reject Milton's scale of values (though probably with more sympathy than the reader of Waldock's imaginary lifeboat story), the Christian, I suppose, might say that this instinctive and unconquerable sympathy merely shows how thoroughly man is a fallen being, to whom the higher claims speak less compellingly and clearly. But it is moving altogether too far from Milton's world to talk, as Waldock does, of setting 'over against this powerful human value the mere doctrine that God must be obeyed', and when he goes on to say that Milton has written *Paradise Lost* 'to *prove* the doctrine that God at all times must be obeyed', even with the qualification 'to prove this in the only way in which a poet can prove anything, by bringing it home to our imaginations', one must protest that however strong Milton's didactic purpose, it did not involve proving what to him was axiomatic.

I have spent such a long time on a few pages of Waldock's account because I think these logical incoherences in an author who can elsewhere write with admirable clarity and cogency reflect a basic uncertainty of purpose. It is not now a question of how good a poem *Paradise Lost* is—it is a question of what the main point of it is, as a narrative; and Waldock fails to give a coherent account of Milton's alleged failure to do what he meant to do. The obvious conclusion is that, whether Milton succeeds or fails, his success or failure is in doing what he has set out to do: the conflict between (in Waldock's words) his comments and his demonstrations, has not been adequately made out.

This is the crucial part of Waldock's book, and if he fails here, as I think he does, the main assault on Lewis's position has failed. In the rest of the book there is much that invites discussion, but this essay is quite long enough already. I prefer to finish by insisting again that the crying need in Milton criticism is for patient, detailed, concrete analysis of just how Milton gets, or fails to get, his particular effects. Without this (and I do not deny that there is *some* of it in Lewis and in Waldock), too much of the controversy about the poem is shadow-boxing, with each critic remaining ensconced in his ideological stronghold, Christian or romantic, and the question what the poetry really is and does remains unanswered

A LETTER FROM BJÖERNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON TO HIS DAUGHTER BERGLIOT IBSEN

[This letter, never before published in English, is taken from the German edition of the Letters of Björnson, the Norwegian dramatist, and here translated by Henry Furst. It is the translater's opinion that N.N. is certainly Axel Munthe and that A. stands for Anacapri.]

Rome, Quattro Fontane 155
Dec. 11, 1894

My dear Bergliot,

How often did I not want to tell you about your old friend N.N. Externally quite unchanged. Only now nobody can talk to him any more, without his letting out as it were quite casually how he was recently called to S. to the Queen's, who simply didn't want to let him go away again; he had to make use of the pretext that he was urgently called to London for a consultation and, strangely enough, just as he was on the point of his departure, he did get a telegram from Lord Dufferin. This Lord Dufferin sailed with him all summer in his yacht on the gulf of Naples; but N.N. had to drop him at Capri, because Princess Ruspoli had called him urgently to Rome. The next time I talked with N.N., one of America's young millionaire-scions had come to Rome for the first time, mainly in order to consult Dr. N.N.; he was suffering from dipsomania and would obey no one else but Dr. N.N., and now he obeys even his mother, because Dr. N.N. ordered him to do so; N.N. expects to get $10,000 as fee.

He lives next to the Scala di Spagna 'in the house in which the English poet Keats died; Shelley lived on the floor above'. When you go to see N.N., Keats' and Shelley's poems lie open, quite by accident, as it were, on the table; both of them in sumptuous bindings, of the greatest distinction. An immense bowl with visiting cards greets you in the antechamber; on top Gladstone's—you would think he had been to see N.N. on the previous day. Dr. N.N. drives out, either with two show-horses or with two smart little ponies. At his side sits either the Crown-Princess of X. or his two dogs, a little one and a big one, of the noblest blood of Albion, the little one on the back seat, the big one on the front seat. A groom sits up on the box with the driver, both in livery. N.N. himself, on the contrary, dresses as simply as Napoleon. Sometimes you see him wearing a decoration, rarely gloves. He mentions quite casually, you might say unintentionally, what he meant to the Queen, the Crown Princess, Princess

Ruspoli, the American millionaire-scion, or he mentions the consultation that preceded the death of the British Ambassador here last year, in which Dr. N.N. was proved to be right and all the others wrong. And so he brings out all this, quite reluctantly, as we might tell about how we have already had lunch or drunk a cup of coffee. For a single visit he gets ten or twenty dollars or more. The money lies all around the room, partly crumpled into balls. Often he doesn't take any money at all. What else has he to do than his duty?

He has three maids, who all belong to a family in A., all the members of which he saved. The rest of the family is now living there in his villa. In A. his name is the only name people know, and that is his.[1] (Recently a Norwegian went there and could not find anybody who knew where Dr. N.N.'s villa was situated.)

I visited N.N. once—I said once; and so he now has my visiting-card too in his bowl; later he had no use for me and I none for him.

Good-bye, dear Bergliot. God bless you!

YOUR FRIEND AND FATHER

[1] Obviously a slip. 'In A. there is only one name the people know, and that is his.'—*Translator.*

THE FEAST

The hand of Morfydd lies in mine,
  And over the hills we go
To a lamplit town, a little town
  Far in the midnight snow.

And the people there shall be our friends
  And they shall tell us tales
Of the great white stag that browsed beneath
  The golden tree of Wales.

And the holy songs that we shall sing
  Shall turn the gates of dawn,
And the soul shall see beyond the night
  The land where it was born.

IDRIS DAVIES

WORLD WITHOUT END

A Note on Upton Sinclair

S. GORLEY PUTT

I

BY THE year 1938, 690 titles of the books of Upton Sinclair had been issued in European countries and a further 67 in India, China and Japan. In Great Britain, Germany and the Soviet Union over seven million copies of Sinclair's books had been sold by the same year. Of all these books I have not read one. During the years 1940-46, seven volumes have been published in the series of novels with the collective title *The World's End*. In the British edition these novels have an average length of 634 closely printed pages. Figures supplied by Messrs. Werner Laurie, Sinclair's British publishers, show that all paper obtainable has been used in printing these books, with an average sale of some 30,000 copies. These I have read. My reasons for following Sinclair as he pursues his prodigious task have surprised me, for although I find myself reading any one page with so many critical reservations that the general response is almost precisely distaste, yet I have read the 4,400-odd pages with mounting interest.

Reduced to simplest terms, I would say that these seven novels exemplify a triumph of content over form, of an immense human good-will over an inadequate style, of a high degree of sympathetic invention over a lower degree of characterisation. (Indeed, the characterisation is at times so weak and shoddy that the whole aim and effect of Sinclair's vast panorama are seriously frustrated.) But the case is by no means simple, and I found it instructive to pursue the matter a little further.

In the first place, the resounding success of the *World's End* series (in addition to the American and British editions it is also published, or under publication, in Brazil, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Sweden, Switzerland, the U.S.S.R.) cannot be accounted for by any normal 'popularity' of theme. The temperature is generally low; there is plenty of adventure but nothing in the nature of romance; when 'love interest' is injected it is so tepid as to invite the reader to skip these paragraphs and get on with the politics: an extraordinary state of affairs. Of 'sex' in the sense of the word accepted by readers of popular fiction there is absolutely none. In short, there is little here to attract the careless day-dreaming reader who is the mainstay of fiction libraries. On the contrary, the subject is deadly serious (no less than an international survey of politics in Europe and America between 1913 and 1942); the treatment, though stagey at times to the point of melodrama, is never superficially 'attractive'. The hero

of the book converses with international figures in highly incredible circumstances, but when they speak these lay figures usually have nothing more sensational to utter than a flat political commentary. Bernard Shaw writes, in words printed on the dust-jackets of all seven volumes:

> When people ask me what has happened in my long lifetime, I do not refer them to the newspaper files and to the authorities, but to Sinclair's novels. They object that the people in his books never existed; that their deeds were never done, and their sayings never uttered. I assure them that they were, except that Upton Sinclair individualised and expressed them better than they could have done, and arranged their experiences in significant and intelligible order.

This high praise is in line with the view of H. G. Wells that the novels present 'the completest and most faithful picture of that period that has been done, or is likely to be done'. There is great truth in these judgments. But if these qualities testify to the obvious sincerity of the author, they hardly explain, unaided, the popular success of his novels. For the reasons for their success we must look elsewhere.

II

It is common knowledge that children love hearing certain stories re-told indefinitely. 'Tell me a story', they may say; but they are as likely to clamour 'Tell me the story of Jack the Giant-Killer', and to be highly incensed at the minutest divergence from the accepted convention. Indeed, there can be few nannies who do not pause at significant points in their narrative, allowing their charges to supply by rote the unvarying adjectives: 'great big', 'ever so small', and so on. Throughout the long history of the epic the device of recurrent epithets has been maintained; Mr. E. V. Rieu has reminded us yet again, in his recent translation of the *Odyssey*, of Homer's 'godlike' princes, 'noisy' dogs, 'fast' ships and, of course, 'wine-dark' sea. Sinclair's habit of repetition is not operative until we have read his first volume, where its place is taken by the complementary quality of freshness: the reader's interest in discovering a hero, Lanny Budd, and his complicated family of comfortable human beings who are significant only in their relation to the central figure. In the place of epic gods and goddesses and allegorical personifications we meet the first batch of a recurring set of 'public' characters as familiar to the modern novel-reader as were the dwellers on Olympus to a Greek audience.

In *World's End*, the first of the series, covering the years 1913-19, Lanny Budd is introduced in his thirteenth year. (It is a convenience to remember, over the thirty-year stretch covered by the seven volumes, that the hero is approximately as old as the century.) A speedy survey of this first volume will 'place' him adequately enough: we are all set to follow his life from the age of 13 to the age of 42—and, one hopes, still further into contemporary history. New Olympians will appear, but old ones will recur, either on earth or through the medium of the spirit world. New members of the family circle

will also emerge in the ensuing six volumes, but only to fill gaps in the existing ranks.

Lanny is the son of Robbie Budd, American arms manufacturer, by his former mistress 'Beauty' Blackless, who in the course of the first novel marries and becomes the widow of a French painter, Marcel Detaze. Robbie remains on excellent terms with Beauty and visits her from time to time at her Riviera home. Beauty's brother, Jesse Blackless, is a doctrinaire Socialist (later Communist); although a member of Lanny's inner circle, it is his function to remain in the wings, awaiting any cue calling for the appearance of the Party line or a direct contact with Party figures. Lanny is shown as a favoured and attractive product of pre-war society: he loves music, plays the piano, and is trained at the Delacroze school of dancing. He has two special school friends: Kurt Meissner, a German from Silesia, and Rick Pomeroy-Nielson, son of an English baronet. By reason of the genial admixture of his own young friends and those of his parents—the influential Robbie for ever popping in *en route* for another shady arms deal, the social Beauty maintaining her court at Juan-les-Pins—Lanny is able to take an early survey of the world of leisure so soon to be interrupted. He spends Christmas with his friend Kurt at Schloss Stubendorf, learning the disciplined life of the German nobility; he is taken on an Aegean pleasure cruise in the yacht of Ezra Hackenbury, soap-manufacturer from Indiana, and watches the behaviour of the uncultivated rich; he visits England, seeing the sights of the 1914 'Season' and the country house of Rick's father; he returns by way of a French château owned by Mrs. Emily Chattersworth, widow of a New York banker. (Here we have passing glimpses of Anatole France and Isadora Duncan, minor Olympians who will figure again reminiscently but not in any active role: like incidental gods in earlier epics, or like the strolling 'extras' in a modern film, they serve to remind us that there are other beings, moving about their lawful occasions, unconnected—oddly as that may strike the reader of all seven volumes—with Lanny Budd.) On one of his periodical trips to Europe, Robbie explains to his son the political background of the arms business: 'Politicians of Rumania sell out to France and get a supply of French money and arms; so then the Germans hire a new set of Rumanian politicians, and when these get into power you hear reports that Rumania is buying Krupp guns.' Lanny learns about Vickers, Skoda, Schneider-Creusot, and particularly about Basil Zaharoff, king of the arms merchants. They meet, and the old brigand takes a fancy to him. So far, all has been agreeably domestic; this is the first meeting with a significant Olympian.

War breaks out. Lanny watches its progress from the Riviera and from Paris. He listens to the talk of his elders. He fishes (and, of course, spots a submarine) off the Côte d'Azur with Jerry Pendleton, a genial American tutor-cum-handyman who will figure later as one of those splendidly reliable right-hand-men, willing at any moment to drop their private lives to spring to the aid of the boss, who are so

plentiful in novels and films and so very hard to find, alas, in real life. In his sixteenth year he has his first love affair with an English girl, Rosemary Codwilliger ('pronounced Culliver'—this is one of the minor recurring jokes). Robbie is at hand to give periodical behind-the-scenes views of the war:

> The great source of steel for both France and Germany is in Lorraine, called the Briey basin; get your map and look it up, and you will see that the battle line runs right through it. On one side the Germans are getting twenty to thirty million tons of ore every year and smelting it into steel, and on the other side the French are doing the same. On the French side the profits are going to François de Wendel, President of the Comité des Forges and member of the Chamber of Deputies; on the other side they are going to his brother Charles Wendel, naturalised German subject and member of the Reichstag. These huge blast furnaces and smelters are in plain sight; but no aviators even tried to bomb them until recently. Then one single attempt was made, and the lieutenant who had charge of it was an employee of the Comité des Forges. Surprisingly, the attempt was a failure.
>
> They're building big industry, and they'll own it and run it. Whatever government comes in will have to have money, and will make terms with them, and business will go on as it's always done. It's a steam roller; and what I'm telling my son is, be on it and not under it!

Meanwhile, on the plane of the suffering mortals, Marcel Detaze is horribly wounded. Beauty nurses him back to life, but he has to wear a silk mask to hide his facial wounds. He goes on painting during his convalescence. From him, Lanny learns his first lessons in art criticism, giving him the basis for a profession which, in the succeeding volumes, will keep him in touch both with the mortals who produce art and the Olympians who collect it.

After the entry of America into the war, Lanny for the first time accompanies his father to the United States. At Newcastle, Connecticut, he inspects the factories of Budd Gunmakers, and meets another batch of relations, who will all be groomed as handy symbols for another set of attitudes to modern life: stepmother Esther Budd, stepsister Bess, grandfather Budd who is President of the firm and also the leader of a weekly Bible class, and great-great-uncle Eli who feebly represents a more cultured New England and bequeaths to Lanny his excellent library. During his absence in America, continuity is guaranteed by the appearance of some members of the next generation: Beauty bears Marcel a daughter, Marceline, and Rick's wife Nina produces a grandson for the English baronet. Lanny himself, who is now attending an American school (the reader recalls, almost with embarrassment, the age of this worldly-wise young hero), has a second unsuccessful love affair with a young actress who seems destined for a major role, but is dropped after exhibiting, expertly enough, a further aspect of the hard-boiled. Of more importance to the unrolling epic is the introduction of a significant new theme: the spirit world. One morning, Lanny is startled by the appearance of a ghostly figure in his bedroom:

> . . . it seemed to be shaping itself into a mass at the foot of his bed, and the mass began to move, and suddenly Lanny realised it was Rick.

> A pale grey figure, just luminous enough so that it could be clearly seen; Rick in his flier's uniform, all stained with mud. On his face was a grave, rather mournful expression, and across his forehead a large red gash.

A cable from Nina confirms that her husband has narrowly escaped death in a flying accident. Lanny has a new problem to ponder, a problem beyond the scope of Robbie's canny cynicism.

After the Armistice Lanny returns to Europe with his father, meets a professor on President Wilson's staff of world-reconstructors, and becomes an unofficial secretary at the Peace Conference. He busies himself with the Georgian question, leads his principal to Uncle Jesse for a sidelight on popular opinion:

> Lanny explained to his chief that Uncle Jesse didn't have to live in such a place, for he enjoyed a modest income from an inheritance. Apparently he wanted to be close to the people. Alston said there were men like that; sometimes they were saints, and sometimes a bit crazy, and sometimes both.

Zaharoff swims into view again, ticketed once again by Robbie, this time as the power behind Clemenceau: 'Robbie said that "the Tiger" had been Zaharoff's friend for years, and both his brother and his son were directors in Zaharoff's companies.' He watches the old man sparring with his father over more shady deals concerning oil wells in the Near East. We begin to become expectant for Zaharoff's epic epithet—'the Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour', a title soon to be matched by his K.C.B. Other passing Olympians people the scene in Paris, serving at once to entertain and instruct the reader and to provide a further 'build-up' for the nineteen-year-old hero. Discouraged by the jungle tactics of the peacemakers, Lanny's professor and others resign from the American delegation. Father Robbie, from his own point of view, shares their disillusionment:

> 'Did anybody at the Crillon ever persuade the British to give up anything in the final showdown? And if you had an insider to advise you, you'd see that one demand after another is to protect the oil they have or to get more.'
>
> 'But what's to be done about it, Robbie? The British and French are begging to continue the Supreme Economic Council, but the Americans insist upon ending it and going back to unrestricted competition.'
>
> 'That's because we know the British are bound to dominate the Council. . . .'

The volume ends with some personal excitement for the hero arising from circumstances which demonstrate two of his friends acting parts predetermined by their political aims. Lanny stumbles upon Kurt, who is working in Paris as a German secret agent trying, ostensibly, to influence French opinion against the continuing Allied blockade of his country. Lanny passes money from Kurt to Uncle Jesse for anti-blockade agitation among the workers. Jesse's comrades are involved in the attempted assassination of Clemenceau. Kurt, trailed by the Sûreté, seeks refuge with Beauty and quickly becomes the lover of his friend's mother. Lanny is arrested by the Sûreté when he is found in possession of Red leaflets printed by Jesse's organisation with money provided by Kurt; Jesse is sent packing from the open political

scene and, momentarily, from Lanny's immediate circle. Wiser after his escapade, Lanny rejoins his father.

III

Already in the first volume thus sketchily summarised, Upton Sinclair's methods are those fitted for the epic rather than for the novel. We are hurried along by an unobtrusive narrative skill. There are six Books, thirty-eight chapters and innumerable sub-sections, none longer than a couple of pages, serving the function of the stanzas of a Canto—'There's time to read just one more short section; oh, well, I may as well go on to the end of the chapter; only two more chapters and I shall have come to the end of this Book'. Descriptive passages are perfunctory, and there is almost no attempt to 'get inside' even the chief characters. We do not share their thoughts or feelings, we are not invited to examine their motives. We soon learn that in addition to the horizontal line dividing Olympians from mortals, there is an equally simple vertical line dividing good Olympians and good mortals from bad Olympians and bad mortals: the former are progressive, humanitarian, politically conscious, the latter are reactionary, selfish, lacking in ideals. We are *informed* of their thoughts and feelings in much the same manner as we are informed of their actions; whatever effect is produced will be cumulative. A sympathetic reader may at this point invoke Matthew Arnold, applying to Sinclair the remarks on Greek drama, and to most other modern novelists Arnold's judgment of his contemporary poets:

> . . . with them, the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration; with us, attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole; we regard the parts. With them, the action predominated over the expression of it; with us, the expression predominates over the action.

Arnold could be quoted, too, in defence of the choice of familiar themes:

> The terrible old mythic story on which the drama was founded stood, before he entered the theatre, traced in its bare outlines upon the spectator's mind; it stood in his memory, as a group of statuary, faintly seen, at the end of a long and dark vista. . . . stroke upon stroke, the drama proceeded: the light deepened upon the group; more and more it revealed itself to the riveted gaze of the spectator. . . .[1]

It is perhaps unfair to Sinclair to compare his cycle of novels even for a moment to Greek tragedy; I have quoted Arnold simply to indicate just where a modern reader is disposed to criticise the novels, and to act as a reminder that structural advantages may accompany these manifest defects. For defect of style is surely not too strong a phrase in which to object to a narrative at times so slipshod that a boy and his mother can be thus described: 'and they would experiment and argue, and have a very good time', so flat that natural description can be disposed of by an insertion beginning:

[1] *Preface to Poems*, 1853.

'New England was beautiful at that time of year', so platitudinous that an encounter between Beauty and Lanny can be introduced with the cliché: 'Such a myriad of things they had to talk about!'—and so wooden that a boy talking in private with his father can be made to say: 'Everybody's been kind to me, and I'm glad I came. I had to know your people, and I wouldn't have missed the experience. But I have to see my mother, too. And she needs me right now.'

It is strange that after being fobbed off time and again with this sort of slapdash patter, a reader can still look forward to the reappearance of characters, pleased to recognise their external traits, patiently awaiting the set-piece jokes—such as Beauty's fear of *embonpoint* and her addiction to the cream jug. The truth is that, just as in a genuine epic we are prepared to accept stagey gestures and indifferent dialogue so long as we can be sure of being borne along with the flood of a well-known story fascinating in its development and abounding in larger-than-life figures, so we have come to accept the youthful Lanny, smug and preposterous as we may think him, as a hero who will reintroduce us to figures of contemporary history and lead us back through the tangled mazes of public affairs certain to interest us because we too, like the hero but without his larger-than-life advantages, have travelled the same path.

It is of interest, in scanning the rest of the series, to note Sinclair's fluctuating balance between the public and the private life of Lanny Budd. When the two worlds alternate, the reader is disposed to indulge that 'willing suspension of disbelief' of which Coleridge speaks. When they come together, the artifice is too obvious to bear for long. Because Lanny is a picaresque hero, we are prepared to follow him from one European country to another, accept his unusual luck in being always at the right place at the right time, meeting the interesting people and getting them to talk to him as to a brother. We do not 'believe' in him as a normal human being. And so, in the second volume *Between Two Worlds*, covering the years 1919-29, we watch through his eyes the international conferences at San Remo and Cannes, we are in Geneva for League of Nations sessions, we see the advent of Mussolini in Italy and watch Hitler's 'Beerhall Putsch' in Munich in 1923; nor are we surprised when, after a few years given over to personal pursuits at a time when the international scene is comparatively placid, he should be in America in time to see at close quarters the Wall Street crash of October, 1929. (This section, indeed, is perhaps the most vivid in the whole series: for once, we cease to be spectators and for twenty pages or so we are caught up in the general excitement and anxiety; for twenty pages or so we cease to be interested auditors of an epic story and catch that sense of implication which is the aim of most other novelists.)

Similarly, although we are not concerned to participate in the inner motives of the private circle, the habit of repetition has made us feel reasonably acquainted with the family (just as we are at best reasonably acquainted with the outer members of our own families), and

we can follow Lanny's no less picaresque private life without too strong a feeling of unreality, simply because he himself, as a living soul, is as unreal and as colourless as the hero of a Western film or a detective story. He matches his mother's love affair with his friend Kurt by forming a liaison with Marie de Bruynes, a married Frenchwoman as old as Beauty. (Her complaisant husband Denis, who winks at the *vie à trois*, is a rich influential Frenchman and so a predestined business friend for Robbie.) We are *told* that they are very much in love, and we see them together often enough to pretend to believe it. Yet when Marie dies, Lanny rapidly takes up his former relationship with Rosemary, now Countess of Sandhaven with an equally complaisant husband. She, like Marie, can live acceptably enough under Beauty's tolerant roof; the reader is interested in the epic hero's private life but has no desire to peer behind the surface narrative. Only when a passing attempt is made to display the heart does the narrative wander into the region of contemporary fiction, and, finding itself in the wrong place, begins to look ridiculous. Thus, when Rosemary in turn passes from the active scene, Lanny's broken heart is revealed in a passage reading remarkably like a parody:

> Lanny went down to his studio and played all the eighteen Chopin nocturnes, one after another, and imagined that Rosemary was in the room and sorrowing with him. He played other Chopin pieces, not forgetting the very sombre funeral march. In the course of days and nights he played ballades and polonaises and mazurkas, fiery and tempestuous, yet freighted with a burden of bitter pain; he played études which were studies in emotionality even more than in piano technique. Before he got through he had played some two hundred compositions and got a fine lot of exercise, a workout both physical and spiritual. After it he was ready for some new kind of life.

For the most part, Sinclair the popular historian is content to eschew such embarrassments. Lanny's next adventure is with Irma Barnes, a twenty-three-million-dollar heiress who becomes his first legitimate wife: her character is sketched in more acceptably in the epic narrative style, and we can suspend our disbelief in her as readily as we suspend our disbelief in Lanny's growing intimacy with Zaharoff, his meeting with Mussolini (epic label: 'Blessed Little Pouter Pigeon'), Matteotti, Balbo and the like. He tries to educate his wife in liberal politics:

> She knew the names of the leading screen stars, of the singers she heard at the opera, the leaders of jazz bands who were announced over the ever more popular radio; but literary names, except for a few best-sellers, were unknown to her. The names of statesmen were also vague in her mind; she had no idea what they stood for, except that her father had approved of certain ones at home and disapproved violently of certain others.

It was this kind of quiz that distinguished Lanny from Irma's playboy suitors and endeared him to her, we are to understand, during their strange courtship: she played a very temporary Desdemona to his Othello:

> Many of the things he said were over her head; she told him so, and he explained what he meant. He didn't make love to her; hadn't even

tried to take her hand. She wondered why. He had made love to other women. Didn't he care for her that way? Was it because of her money? Hang the money!—so she would think, but not for long.

One should not complain of marionettes that they move like marionettes. Only when we are asked to take a close-up view of their strings and take the jerks for thought or emotion does the convention become awkward. Irma is not compatible; we can believe as much without burden of proof. But when, in the seventh volume (*A World to Win,* covering the years 1940-42), Lanny takes unto himself, at the mature age of 42, his latest wife (to date), Sinclair is at great pains to point out that Laurel Creston is selected after long trial and error as the hero's perfect soul-mate. She has a fine mind, a fine conscience; he can talk with her as well as make stilted love to her. Intimacy of this quality brings us perilously close to the marionette strings. By this time, Lanny has had so many exciting adventures, has shown so consistent a high-mindedness, has rejected so many wives, mistresses and supplicants, that we are led to expect something pretty rare when we are invited to overhear the private communion of the hero and his favourite consort. Alas, the broad epic pen is blunt indeed for domestic lyricism. All the foregoing narrative passages about Lanny's hard choice of a partner, valid enough in the epic context, come under suspicion when we hear them conversing in a mixture of flat Mr.-and-Mrs.-Everyman dialogue and blood-curdling archness:

> Lanny and Laurel took turns reading the book aloud; and when they finished, the bride said: 'We ought to go and see those things, Lanny; it would be a crime to be so near and pass them by.'
>
> 'It sounds near, but it isn't, darling. It's as far from New York to Chicago, and there are no railways for a good part of the way. . . .
>
> 'It seems a dubious sort of way to start a baby, darling.'
>
> 'It would only be a question of the first months. We wouldn't have to stay long—I am quick at getting impressions and making notes of what I need. . . .'
>
> 'If we go by the north,' he suggested, 'we might get a plane to Russia.'
>
> 'The Moscow-Heaven Axis in reverse,' smiled Laurel.
>
> The husband, swapping wisecracks, remarked: 'I have a title for your first book, *The Red Honeymoon*!'

IV

A synopsis makes poor reading. The next five volumes may be rapidly summarised along the private and public lines already indicated. In *Dragon's Teeth* (1929-34) we are taken inside Germany and become eye-witnesses of the terrible and at times powerfully moving story of the rise of the Nazis. The private story concerns the disasters overtaking the Jewish Robin family, the father a jovial business associate of Robbie's, the son Hansi a virtuoso violinist who has married Bessie Budd, the younger son Freddi who is tortured at Dachau. During the course of his rescue operations, Lanny becomes an intimate pal of Goering, Goebbels and Hitler himself, posing as a playboy

American concerned only to buy old masters for the picture galleries of his rich friends, and to carry to the outside world stories of the wonderful achievements of National Socialism. He is even invited by Goering to act as an unofficial confidential agent. The Olympians are allotted their customary epithets; we shall learn to anticipate Hitler's thigh-rubbing, Goering's ever-increasing bulk, and so on. As before, the private-public links are produced with equal dexterity and incredibility. Everybody who lives at or calls at the convenient Riviera hide-out will sooner or later lead Lanny to more headline personalities. Beauty's new husband is Parsifal Dingle, a simple-minded faith-healer who dabbles with the spirit world; the entourage now includes Madame Zyszynski (sic), an elderly Pole who possesses strange power as a medium and acts as mouthpiece for a 'control' named Tecumesh, a Red Indian who died two hundred years ago: she is destined to deliver messages to Zaharoff from his dead duquesa, and for Hess and eventually Hitler. Rick and Nina still pop in for left-wing love-feasts; the place in Lanny's admiration vacated by the anti-Fascist Barbara Pugliese ('Pool-yay-say') is taken by the anti-Nazi Trudi Schultz, who will oust Irma in his affections and through whose eyes he shares in the terror and valour of the German underground.

Lanny's Scarlet Pimpernel activities in *Dragon's Teeth* are repeated in *Wide is the Gate* (1934-37). He smuggles Trudi out of Germany, stopping by at Berchtesgaden on the way for a further and more intimate conference with the Führer. With Goering he is now on Hermann-Lanny terms. Still acting under cover of his art purchases, which earn him a comfortable living with a generous margin for left-wing charities, Lanny travels in Spain for the Civil War, guided by his old friend Raoul Parma, first known to the reader as the organiser of a Socialist Sunday School at Cannes. By this time, Sinclair handles his epic theme with great skill; we accept the Lanny conventions and are moved to excitement and indignation by the slow unrolling of the agony of Europe: the fact that we know the outcome, that we have already seen the consequences of each new folly, each new betrayal, each successful gamble of the diabolical forces, only adds to our suspense. Our wooden hero becomes almost human as he drives his car hither and thither about Western Europe or nips across the Atlantic for a passing view of the New Deal and the growing resentment of America's would-be Fascists. During the course of this fourth volume Lanny changes partners again: Irma tires of her role as fellow-traveller and becomes Countess of Wickthorpe—and we are less troubled for Lanny's domestic peace of mind than pleased with the knowledge that the new link with the Wickthorpe family will stand him in good stead when the time comes for him to worm secrets from the Foreign Office. Meanwhile, Trudi will serve, and we value her for her heroism and as a source of information; any private satisfaction she may give her man is hardly sufficient to impede the accelerating pace of the narrative or trouble us with irrelevant domesticity:

> Lanny knew that the lady of his latest choice was a predominantly ethical being. She was guided by her intellect and moral sense. He had taken a long time to think of what he was going to say to her; in fact, he had been over it so often that, without meaning to, he had learned it pretty well by heart. . . . He pointed out to her that love-making is an extremely ancient practice, which nature has established for purposes of her own. . . .

Wooing of this quality is of far less moment than the real excitement of Lanny's adventures in Spain, and the warmth of our friendly interest in the family circle is aroused less by Trudi than by the fact that the young Loyalist aviator smuggled away from Franco's prison should be none other than Alfy, son of our hero's old friend Rick. For Lanny, who has changed so very little, is now thirty-seven.

In *Presidential Agent* (1937-38) Lanny achieves professional status as collector of information and finds in President Roosevelt a public figure to whom he can devote himself with admiration. His interviews always take place after the President has retired to his bed, and the epic label in this instance is the President's habit of wearing blue striped pongee pyjamas: in this and the following two volumes the reader confidently (and in a strange bogus way, affectionately) expects a reference to the pongee pyjamas on the occasion of every interview; he is never disappointed. The 'rescue' scene in this volume is more exciting than the escape of Freddi from Germany or Alfy from Spain: Lanny and his fellow conspirators penetrate to the dungeon of a château near Paris occupied by a Nazi diplomat, and in which Lanny the 'Nazi sympathiser' has been entertained as a guest. The solid 'historical' scenes are concerned with the growth of Fascist appeasement in France (link: Denys de Bruyne) and the triumphant incorporation of Austria within the Reich (link: Lanny's 'friend' Hitler himself, with Hess, Schuschnigg and others thrown in for good value, all seen from within Berchtesgaden). The narrative pace has been speeded up, the broad scope of the public theme taken for granted, and by this time the reader enjoys the assurance that the pleasing recurrence of epic lay figures and their permanent verbal attributes will not now be interrupted even by death. 'Dipping into the subconscious mind of a dull old Polish woman, Lanny had discovered fragments of the minds of other people, mostly dead, but now and then a living one.' The illusion of intimacy fostered by Grandfather Budd's Biblical homilies or Zaharoff's label 'Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and Knight Commander of the Bath', and the odd goodwill aroused in the reader by that illusory intimacy, need never be wasted while the series of novels continues.

Dragon Harvest (1938-40) and *A World to Win* (1940-42) have rather less 'behind-the-scenes' interest, for war has a way of stripping off diplomatic pretences and making the intentions of one's enemy painfully clear. The only thing smuggled out of Germany this time is a secret aircraft supercharger; the routine of secret meetings, careful attention to make sure that the car is not being followed, notes in harmless-looking art-dealer's code, keep up the atmosphere of a high-

grade serial film. The son of Budd-Erling aircraft is still *persona grata* to Hermann at Karinhall and Adi at the Berghof.

> Lanny Budd's life had settled into more or less of a routine. He stayed a while on the Riviera and then in Paris; he went to Germany, and then to England. In each place he put on the proper clothes and made himself interesting to the wealthy and powerful, told them what they wanted to know, and used his tact to steer the conversation where he wanted it to go. After each effort he would make out a report—unless it was in Germany, where he never put anything on paper. There were some things he wouldn't write anywhere, and when he had enough of these he would take a trip to the land of his fathers, make sure that the Big Boss had duly received the reports, hear his comments and questions, and take on board a fresh load of courage and determination.

The courage and determination issuing from behind the pongee pyjamas propel Lanny, in *Dragon Harvest,* to Hitler's mountain retreat on the very brink of the invasion of Poland (he bears with him his latest lady, the intelligent bore Laurel Creston, who reveals unsuspected powers as a medium and utters words of warning disapproval from Bismarck to an exasperated Führer who has already decided to take the plunge), to the cautious cells of American Fascists, to the beaches of Dunkirk—a piece of well-sustained narrative—to No. 10 Downing Street, to Les Invalides where Hitler stood contemplating the tomb of Napoleon. *A World to Win* (1940-42) whisks Lanny from France (chats with Pétain, Darlan, Laval) to England (Battle of Britain), America (Hearst's stronghold San Simeon), and back to France again where the 'friend' of the Pétainists is captured by the *maquis* and is wholly occupied, this time, in rescuing himself. Returning to America, he is told the secret of the atomic bomb, masters the elements of atomic physics (from Einstein himself), and is only prevented from a further mission to Europe (to discover the state of German atomic research) by the crash of his transport plane into the waters of the North Atlantic. Broken bones and convalescence earn the Presidential agent a holiday—we leave the world-stage for a moment and at once our hero is entangled, after what for him is a longish absence, in the toils of female candidates. But it seems that Sinclair's invention is beginning to flag at last: we wonder if we are reading earlier Cantos by mistake, or seeing the same film twice. Another millionaire's daughter, another yacht, another toss-up between beauty plus wealth and brains plus social conscience. A glance at the calendar tells us that by December, 1941, it will be necessary for Lanny to be in the Far East, and we are not surprised that the final surrender to Laurel Creston's dim charms should take place in Hong Kong. The yacht, with millionaire's daughter on board, is conveniently sunk by the Japanese. Lanny, with his seventh lady-love and third Mrs. Budd, investigates China, is inspired by the Chinese Communists, and takes leave of us in 1942, chatting agreeably in the Kremlin with Stalin—who has, it seems, the conventional Olympian notion of the right kind of gossip for the evening of a busy day:

> The capitalist state, in the Marxist-Leninist interpretation, is an agency of class repression. In a classless society there would be no function for it. As fast a people get education, they will assert themselves, and a democratic society will come automatically. . . . But we do not use the name democracy as a camouflage for the continuation of wage slavery.

V

I have felt it useful to sketch the progress of this series because, although everybody has heard of Upton Sinclair's *World's End* novels, I have rarely met a member of the literary intelligentsia who has read one. If private observation can be trusted, it would seem that a large public—to the tune of 30,000 per volume in this country and countless thousands throughout the world—is prepared to read an exceedingly long and depressing account of contemporary history presented in palatable form, while it still shows very little interest in even the better-known titles familiar to you and me and the reviewers.

Who, then, are these people? They are not the readers of 'trash'. (I suspect that the particular kind of readily identifiable 'trashy' novel which infuriates the visitor to any bookshop has a far smaller circulation than we suppose, and that its permanent place on the shelves testifies that it is not so much popular as unsaleable.) The *World's End* novels are sometimes exciting, sometimes tedious, always superficial, always wide in scope—but never 'trashy'. Lovers of sensation may be pleased, at first, to identify themselves with Lanny Budd and chat with Hitler and Stalin: they will soon find that the revelations of these and other Olympians can be matched from old newspapers. Lovers of sensation who, still in the person of Lanny Budd, catch seven successive women in their arms, will soon discover that they are embracing dummies. True, there is a daring 'escape' sequence in each of the seven novels (Kurt and Lanny from the Sûreté; Robbie from the Wall Street crash; Freddi from Germany; Alfy from Spain; Lanny from a Nazi château; a supercharger stolen from Goering; Laurel Creston from Germany; Lanny from the *maquis*), but these are embedded in close wads of political history and would never be reached by simple seekers after sensation.

The conclusion would seem to be (a) that 'difficult' subject-matter can still be swallowed by a generation of readers prepared to substitute political information for moral uplift, and (b) that all the old epic and narrative tricks can still be worked in full view of an assenting audience. I find this conclusion depressing. I would prefer to discover that the verbal tricks of other novelists could be swallowed by devotees of popular verbal trickery in 'Itma', that the former popularity of lyrical qualities in, say, Tennyson, could be matched by the acceptance of lyrical qualities in the contemporary novel. And yet there is a hopeful sign here, too. Is it possible that the more self-conscious novelists have under-rated in their readers a steady compassionate interest in human rather than verbal problems? Is it possible that the reader's shyness is not against beautiful style but against triviality of content?

ELIZABETH AND THE SOLDIER

MILLIE TOOLE

ELIZABETH looked like a child. But she was not a child and she was frightened. She had been told that she would die if she did not do as she was told, and she had not yet begun to live.

The delicacy of her features, which had delighted her parents when she was a baby, had alarmed them as she grew older, and their alarm had made them careful of her. Their care had made her dream away half of her twenty years on a couch in the parlour. The warmth of the room had acted like a hot-house, and she was as beautiful as a pale, rare flower with roots as thin as cotton thread.

She sewed and she nodded at passers-by; and she was like an old-fashioned picture framed by the parted net curtains.

The young soldier whose family had moved into a house at the end of the street smiled at her each time he passed the window, and she grew in his imagination. She wore blue, the colour of the quiet woman, the colour of the woman who wishes to please one man. She was the gentle woman whose silence transcends singing, whose love is constant and may be worn without tarnish like a breast-plate in battle.

He knocked on the door of her home five days before she was due to go away and held out his hands to her, spanning the deep waters of her sickness. He opened the parlour window and her cheeks and her eyes and her hair were coloured by the sun. His presence banished her illness from the parlour to the bedroom. He brought a portable gramophone from his home, and as she listened to its music he told her that she must be well enough to dance with him on his next leave.

Her mother and father were pleased, and yet they were afraid. They listened to her laughter. They said, 'Let her have this short time—she has had so little. When he has gone——'

He went back on the day before she was to have gone away. He bent his head to kiss her and she covered her mouth. But he kissed her and she did not go away. Not argument nor the threatening facts could make her change her mind. She would stay at home. She would write to him. She would get well and wait for him.

'Just for six months', pleaded her mother.

'It will be worth it', her father persuaded.

She replied by leaving her couch, by writing at her table.

'I am better', she wrote. 'I am going to the park to-morrow. I shall swing in the sunshine as I did when I was a child. And the eyes of every person who passes me will have something to say to me because you have made me look towards life. The sun still speaks warmly of you; the first wind of winter will whisper your name'.

He replied that it was raining, that the food was bad, that he was fed up, that he loved her.

The ice was strong when he returned. They went skating on a pond. Her cheeks were pink, but there was a pot of rouge in her bedroom. She was breathless; it was so many years since she had skated. She was a little dizzy, and the rouge was unnecessary. But she was happy. Her heart hammered that she was happy.

'The soil is hard and obstinate', she wrote. 'But a crocus is suggesting that Spring should stir herself and come a little earlier this year. When will you come home?'

'Soon', he replied. 'You do not say how you are. You sound as though you are looking out of the window again'.

She was sick. She was afraid he would come. She was afraid of her parents—afraid of being sent away.

'It would have been better if you had never met him', said the mother.

'You are worse', said the father.

'You are beautiful', said the soldier when he came. 'Your eyes are bigger and more brilliant than before. But you blush too readily'.

The net curtains were drawn across the parlour window when he had gone. The bedroom curtains were pulled back so that she could see the tops of the trees from her bed.

'It's too late', said the doctor. 'It was probably too late last year'.

'Let her live as she wants to live', said the father.

'Let her die as she wants to die', said the mother bitterly.

'It is hot', she wrote. 'The sun seeks me wherever I hide. The first rose still lingers while the slowest rose is red. No living thing can die till the sun says so. Will you be home when the leaves fall?'

'Your sun is not a special sun,' he wrote. 'It loves khaki. Surely it is cool under the trees at the end of the garden? I think of you sitting there. You are not in bed, are you?'

She was in bed—her own bed. She was resting so that she would be ready for his return. Her cough clouded the mirror as she tried to create a face less frightening than her own. She filled each new hollow with soft colour, and she cut her hair so that its length should not laugh at her face.

She was up when he came, and she was able to walk. But he carried her across a stream, and he tilted her head so that he might kiss the short hairs in the nape of her neck.

'You are light', he said. 'I could carry you for ever'.

'No bird sings now', she wrote. 'The wind sobs in the tree-tops. Will you be long?'

'Send me a kiss for each day I am away', he replied. 'We will be married on my next leave. The wind is warm if you meet it'.

'I watched the snow fall', she wrote. 'The lawn is like a newly laundered cloth, rucked at the edges where the wind has ruffled the snow. All sound is sharp and clear above its white muffler. To breathe is like being born again, like learning how to breathe; the

air is so new and searching. If you would marry me now, you must marry me in a blanket'. And she thought that it would be better than being buried in white.

She was limp, like a rag doll, but her body burned with the disease and a desire to be better.

'I feel that you will come when it is spring', she wrote. 'Soon I shall sit while the light lasts sewing the long seams of my wedding dress'.

'I am tied here', wrote the soldier. 'The mud is mountainous. Your writing is faint—as though you had written in a poor light. But I read your letters till I know them by heart'.

'You must tell him how ill you are', said the mother.

'Perhaps there will be no need to tell him', she said. 'If he does not see me like this, he will never know'.

But he came home unexpectedly, and she died because she was tired, because there was now no need to pretend.

He carried her to the window and held her there so that she should see the first buds on the lilac trees.

'This is our second spring', he said. 'There have been no other springs—just the two we have known. You know that. But I know there will be many more—each one more beautiful than the one that went before because we will still be together'.

She said his name, but the sound was drowned by the beating of her blood and the beating of her heart; it was lost as the last air escaped from her throat.

'She has died for you because she loved you', said the mother.

'She has lived for me because I loved her', said the soldier.

AUTUMN SONG

Was it the same I
who heard the colloquy
between tree and tree,
and hear now
only a jay's cry
from a blackened bough?

I who
in this once luxuriant,
now bleak, expanse,
shared too
its transient
exuberance.

W. J. STRACHAN

THE ENVELOPE

C. LINDSAY TAYLOR

FATHER McCoy and the Reverend Josiah Marshwood had been corresponding regularly for years. Their correspondence started as strangers over some scholarly point and for some time their letters were such as one might see in the middle page of the *Times Literary Supplement,* of an absorbing nature to the participants but of little general interest. But presently a personal note began to creep in. Oddly enough the two men were both poets though in very different ways. Father McCoy had the Irishman's gift for rich and colourful images. Song came as instinctively to him as to a bird on the bough. Although middle-aged he had never lost the knack of writing like a careless and rapturous boy Rhythm and rhyme sprang spontaneously to his aid. His slightest thoughts were bordered with gold and studded with silver.

With the Reverend Josiah Marshwood it was quite another thing. His verse was polished and classical. It shone like a cold stone which had submitted to unmitigated burnishing. If genius is indeed an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Josiah had genius. He was never guilty of a limping line or any other technical fault because his conscience simply would not allow it. And of the two it was he who had built up and sustained a certain reputation. He had been published by a firm of some repute and praised by knowledgeable critics. Other poets thought well of his work—he is what is known as a poet's poet. His collections were of a type to be rediscovered spasmodically by the discerning, sinking once again into oblivion to await their next respectable resurrection. Father McCoy had the most sincere admiration for them. Their classical allusions delighted him: the exquisite finish of their cultured refinement pierced him with joy. For his part he never published anything, unless somebody got hold of a rough copy by mistake and liked it and carried it off. In this way he sometimes had bits and pieces in the most improbable places; usually in the popular Catholic press where they blossomed unnoticed for a day and then went to light the kitchen fire. A nightingale hardly expects to see its efforts bound up in half-calf presentation copies, neither did Father McCoy. Nevertheless Josiah Marshwood recognised their value and he envied his friend that lyrical gift which came out at the finger-tips so freely and so easily. His friend? Yes, indeed, for friends they became. Into their letters insinuated itself an intimacy which on Josiah's side at least was a unique experience. In his great bare rectory in the West Riding of Yorkshire (it had twelve bedrooms and one bathroom) Josiah dwelt a bachelor with a gaunt Scottish housekeeper for sole company. For reasons of economy and mainly in order to keep warm they inhabited the same corner of their mutual abode yet they were as far asunder

as the poles. Certain things they knew very definitely about each other. Mrs. Duncan kenned well what the Rector would eat and what he would not, and when he should change his cottons to woollens, and what the treatment should be for the gastric chills to which he was susceptible. He knew the crabbed independence of her nature, to the nth degree what she expected as being due to her position, the awful rigidity of her devotions. But as living souls they did not know each other at all. Although like Mr. Collins he had every intention of 'christening, marrying, and burying his parishioners whenever it were required' he hardly went so far as to regard them as fellow creatures. The cottages and farms of his parish were very scattered and the people dour and poor. He existed like a hermit in the wilderness, fasting and praying and writing his hollow verses with their beautiful integrity. At least so he lived until he was drawn into contact with Father McCoy. Then that fire from the other warmed his cold heart until it began to flower into friendship. Father McCoy was as surrounded by other people as Josiah Marshwood was alone. He was a member of a teaching Order, one of a small community, who in addition to their religious occupation ran a small mixed farm to satisfy their simple needs. The Father never had a spare moment. From the centre of the Priory in its Sussex setting, he ran to and fro like an industrious spider travelling to the extent of the radius of its web. His preaching duties took him away, his farming duties brought him back. He moved in obedience to his Superiors, he prayed in love to his Maker. The harder he toiled the fatter he grew; he was a little careless in his habits; his scapular was always a little spotted with grease.

Now what did Father McCoy see in this grim, taciturn man from the North to make him turn to him in understanding? What does the beautiful woman see in the small pompous man she makes her lord and master? These are riddles indeed and all one may do is to hazard a few wild guesses. Perhaps in the midst of his strenuous and varied life the priest had a desire for the quiet corridors of scholarship and yearned for a greater intellectual stimulus than his brethren could give him. Perhaps he was homesick for Ireland and from the cushioned contours of the Downs envied Josiah his hills and moors and running water so like the roughness of his own native haunts. Down the stretch of the years something almost sentimental developed in the relationship between this oddly-assorted pair. Sometimes Father McCoy would pop in one of his gracious and unselfconscious little lyrics as a make-weight; sometimes he would receive back in Josiah's meticulous copperplate, a set of verses which would have done credit to Alexander Pope. It never occurred to them to obtrude their personal religious beliefs one upon the other. The Father lived in his religion as in a natural element, and Josiah was of so reserved a character that his arrangements with God were entirely private. But though they would both have been in agreement with Mr. Sean O'Casey's parson who said that there is nothing in Canon Law to

prevent a Catholic from taking tea with a Protestant it happened that although it had often been mentioned between them they had never been able to arrange a meeting. There was Josiah incarcerated in Yorkshire, whose duties although by no means arduous could not be entrusted to a substitute, and there was Father McCoy, who though superlatively active, within the bounds of his own territory, never set foot farther North than London. They had made one or two abortive efforts to unite Mohammed and the Mountain which had been doomed to frustration. On the rare occasions which brought Marshwood to the capital, Father McCoy found himself bound hand and foot to a relentless timetable. When McCoy was in London, Marshwood found himself financially inseparable from Yorkshire. His small stipend was devoured by Mrs. Duncan, his hungry Rectory and his parishioners; very little was left over for clerical frolics even had such been his ambition. It needed a coincidence to bring the friends within eyesight of each other. Yet coincidences are not the miracles they are reckoned to be by some people, they occur fairly frequently, so that it was not with any acute sense of wonder but with a good deal of innocent pleasure that Father McCoy heard himself detailed for a visit to Westminster on behalf of the Prior at the same time that he was in receipt of a letter from Josiah beginning: —

'Dear Friend (thus they now addressed each other),

'I find that I have to be in London on various business matters on the Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Is it too much to hope for an opportunity of seeing you? . . .'

Father McCoy sat down without undue delay and, as he was both unworldly and practical at once, suggested as a meeting place a tea-shop in the Strand.

Here he arrived a little before the appointed time in order to make sure of getting a table for two. He felt like a boy at school released for an unexpected treat. The place he found, to his satisfaction, had not yet begun to fill up. He had all its gilt and white opulence, its marble pillars, its mirrored splendour almost to himself. He chose a table against the wall and after divesting himself of his dingy black raincoat, he was in the act of hanging up both it and his wide brimmed clerical hat on the rack provided for the purpose, when in the mirror beside him his attention was arrested by a curious phenomenon. He saw an apparition in it, a weather-beaten and austere face with a high-domed forehead, beetling brows and a pinched nose with a jutting chin resting on its Roman collar rather like a head on a plate. But it was the expression on the face which was so startling. It was a blend of horrified incredulity and acute dismay. And in an instant he perceived as the cause of its consternation his own broad back encased in its seedy black, his uplifted pudgy arm in the very act of hanging up his hat. He turned to greet his friend but he was gone. And he saw no more of the Reverend Josiah Marshwood than his disappearing coat-tails vanishing round the cash desk and out of the swing doors. Father McCoy turned back to the glass and regarded

himself gravely A fat and shabby priest, a little blue about the jowl, looked back at him with equal solemnity He was so truly modest both by temperament and training that he could not fully realise the tremendous contrast between his lyrical poetry and himself. Nor did the forbidding aspect of Josiah create in him any feeling of disillusionment, for with his much wider compassion and observation of human kind, his friend was very much what he had expected.

But he thought, standing there, studying himself in the mirror without fear or favour: —

'Poor fellow! Poor fellow! He liked the letter but he couldn't stomach the envelope.'

And sitting down, a little sorrowfully, solitary at his table, he ordered muffins for tea.

DIDO

Now the galleons have gone away
And all that is left, the brown grass,
A thin wind beating the bare heath
And the long waves crumbling on the shore.

The swords are gone now, and the gleaming teeth,
And only the tired curlew knows the songs:
Where the gold torches flared, only the flame
Of a dying fire on a shepherd's dung-caked floor.

The gay galleys have all gone and red sun dies;
Now only the twilit rustle of dead feet
And garlands stinking on the refuse-heap;
Only the bitches howling in the street.

Snail leaves his trace across the sun-baked brick;
But grey sea holds no mark of galleys's wake.

HENRY TREECE

THE FIELD, EDGEHILL

The trees stand by yielding to the wind,
Leaning from the sky, holding on to pulled branches,
With roots gripping the blind ground.
Heavy, shoving clouds shift by inches
Across infinity. The field-path
Draws a purpose between life and death
Through the eddying shine of grass. The trees
Hang branches out of centuries,
But the field hangs further back in time.

Bigger than a bed or a grave,
It has been both, while the wind wrought
A sky for loving or dying. The blood has greened
And shed again. Every summer has brought
Lovers for whom the trees were a wave
That hung forward but did not fall,
Locking them on each other in a crystal
Caught tight between sky and ground,
Magnifying the moment beyond time.

Loving or dying, among the static dance
Of leaf-swung columns, their quiet hung
With a whispering frieze, they heard the cuckoo
Hiccoughing faintly to the stammering echo,
Watched the shivering leaf reflect their pang;
Or, staring into the eyes' distance,
They dreamed the dream of the field
(While trees rose and were felled)
An instant glancing down time.

DAVID PAUL

SELECTED NOTICE

Collected Poems. Lilian Bowes Lyon. (Cape, 8s. 6d.)

After the publication of five separate verse volumes comes Miss Bowes Lyon's *Collected Poems,* perceptively and discriminatingly introduced by Cecil Day Lewis, enabling us for the first time, perhaps, to see her work in perspective.

Her poetry has that closely woven texture of integration which is never a common quality, and in the present troubled and divided times, particularly rare. Yet it is, nevertheless, this very texture that makes the full understanding of even her simpler (early) poetry by no means easy; that occasionally, her idiom entangled with that of others gives a knotted complexity to the work of her middle and later-middle period; and that makes the intricacies of the now clearly visible pattern of her latest work still difficult

to follow. Her poems call for a certain degree of concentration, receptivity and even a temporary suspension of criticism on the part of the reader if the best is to be got out of them; but it is an experience that is richly rewarding. The publication in 1946 of *A Rough Walk Home,* reprinted, with a few additional poems, as the last section of this book, established her among the leading poets of her time.

Only in retrospect can we perceive how consistent (without ever being monotonous) is her mood, her theme—in the musical sense—her reaction to, and evaluation of experience. For her the poet is the messenger of the spirit, but he is no romantic harbinger:

I bring you good tidings of great sorrow,

she warns in 'Dedication', the opening poem of her first volume. The poet brings the consolation of the eternal to the anguish of the temporal; even while his own especial sensitivity exacts its price:

Most beauty is signed with sorrow; the iron share
Though it strike fire from flint, bites deep.

But she never indulges in self-pity; she is too aware of the individual's personal failings and shirked responsibilities, a note that recurs again and again in her later poetry.

Crime's worm is in ourselves
Who crumble and are the destroyer,

she reminds us; and prays that the dawn may

. . . forbear to judge
Between my blood-guilt and the bomber gleaming;

and it is the same note again, with a slightly different accent, in 'Dumb in April', where she denounces

The surly, shuttered thing I am.

Imaginatively or emotionally that may be true; but it is belied by the wide compassion of her poetry and—though critically irrelevant, the point must be made—of her life as well.

This compassion for human suffering and for the transience, even at their brightest, of all created things, reminds us often of Hardy—though it has none of Hardy's ultimate pessimism—as in the poem, 'Stone Pity', where she bids the very stones cry out, not for the snow-bound sheep but

. . . grieve rather for all
Creation, for love latent, summer breath
Of trapped souls under the turf, hearing the huge fall
Of coal-dust Death.

'Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse', she would cry with Chaucer, where

. . . heart and spirit are roving, hiveless bees.

Yet with all life's pain and its transience she is never tired of reminding herself and us that,

This world too is the wild God's gift.

Her upbringing in the bare Northumbrian hills has left its mark on her poetry in choice of subject, emotional discipline, and the austerity of much of her imagery. Hers is a countryside that leaves small room for sentimentalizing over man or nature, and few illusions about the nature of man. It is the permanent human rhythms and relationships of man to man, of man to earth, that she values—see 'Northumbrian Farm', 'Build above Babel's Din', or 'Hedge in Winter', her wistful glance back at the unremembered inhabitants of an old town in the Alps-Maritimes,

Who had small room yet time to live,

contrasted with the sterile busy-ness of to-day, when

Sleek coach and opulent saloon-car come and go
To and from town like shuttles,
And yet nothing's spun (*sic*);

and above all, her identification with the poor and suffering in her 'Evening in Stepney', that moving sequence of the Blitz days:

Our destiny to endure the rebuke of love,
One with another, pardonable, in ruins.
We look for the gift ungiven but in-graven,
A wound of light in the forehead of the blind.

Before considering some of the characteristics of her more recent poetry—characteristics latent from the beginning but only there becoming explicit and significant—it will be as well to glance at her verse-structure. Clearly, her themes—the relationship of man to the earth, of man to man and, increasingly in the later work, of man to God, are of universal validity and perennial appeal. What then of her medium of enunciation: her language, her imagery and her technique?

About her language there is nothing erudite nor esoteric; it is as profoundly simple, giving full weight to both those words, as the themes that interest her. The one exception is her use of compound words. In some cases they appear to be imitations of Hopkins (a point to return to) but they become, especially in her middle period, an increasing mannerism—and an irritating distraction. It is a great relief to find them largely winnowed from her most recent work in *A Rough Walk Home*. It is undeniable that the hyphenated compound will sometimes convey a meaning or direct an emphasis in a way that the separate components cannot: 'the touch-star rose' ('Earth') or 'the caption-value of sorrow' ('The Small Hours') are good examples. But they depend for their effectiveness on their rarity, and are blunted when, as in the last-mentioned poem, 'Post-midnight hours' and 'after-midnight tears' also occur; or when ('Industrial City by Moonlight') in 'calamity-years', 'New-scored', 'poverty-shrunken' the hyphen adds nothing, and in 'Man' actually sacrifices clarity to brevity in 'your massacred-innocent wars'.

The trick, in fact, seems to have originated in imitation of Hopkins with whom, however, the device was nearly always integral to the structure and organic impetus of his verse: the rush and swirl of his Windhover, or the struggle of the soul to get free from the birdlime of sin or earthliness in its flight to God. His was an influence that was widely pervasive in the 'thirties. Even the best poets temporarily succumbed to it, and we know how disastrous the effect sometimes was. With Miss Bowes Lyon it is never 'disastrous' because she has what most of the 'thirties poets lacked: a spiritual affinity with Hopkins and an apprehension of his problems, that enables her to avoid their besetting sins of inappropriateness or mere decoration. Nevertheless, 'My wan-through-window west' adds nothing to the ending of 'Against Goliath' except a sense of strain; and 'Quiet of morning's caught-upon-eyelash candour' only a touch of preciosity—very rare in this poet—to the Sonnet in which it occurs. As a matter of fact, the sonnet is not a happy form for her—possibly because the discipline is external instead of being, as usual, excellently self-imposed. But Hopkins apart, her work is almost wholly original. There is an echo of Yeats in the title and opening of 'The Passionate Mind', and of Auden ('clinically', etc.) in the second half of 'Men Climbing'—but they are rare exceptions. For the most part she is entirely herself. What that self really is we have attempted to glance at in her earlier poetry, though it becomes most fully realised only in her later; but before turning to that, having dealt with her language, we may first add a word about her imagery and technique.

Her imagery, as far as one can deal with that apart from theme and subject of the poem, is two-fold: it is visual (hardly ever audible or tactile), and symbolic. It is this dual level of interpretation which gives that density, that closeness of texture to her verse which was mentioned at the outset of this review. And her technique—apart from its reflecting a delicate and subtle ear for cadence, vowel music, assonance and off-rhyme—consists in the skilful interweaving of these images without letting what may be called their denseness convey an opacity to the resulting poem. Yet there is not the progressive increase one might expect in the power of her technique to manipulate her images; and for this there is a very special reason. C. Day Lewis speaks, in

his Introduction, of 'the spontaneous simplicity' of her early work; and of the sense of strain, technical and emotional, in her middle period—into which We have probed here further when considering her language and imagery. The strain, he notices, is to be found in what he calls 'the public preoccupations' of this essentially personal and individual poet. But her third period, where he sees 'her precious spontaneity . . . charged with a greater experience and controlled by the touch of fully conscious art', one could designate as one of 'spontaneous complexity': the spontaneous articulation of a much richer, deeper, and more complex experience, at once intensely personal and of wide spiritual validity; not unconcerned, but beyond concern, with the transient mundanities. She has obtained some measure—it is all the best of us can ever do—of release from, and effected some reconciliation with, the limitations of the human situation, and she has attempted to convey this integrated spiritual adjustment in her poetry:

I know, through bars,
Nebulae, milk of stars,

she cries in 'Messenger World', it is as though, to adapt a line from her own 'Snow Bees', she has been 'chosen away to brightness', her images dictated to her. Now, mystical poetry, in the full sense, is a contradiction in terms; and this is a poetry born on the borderland of mysticism. Hence the difficulties of conveyance it sometimes encounters and the inevitable occasional inadequacy of its technique.

For this reason, this reviewer is heretical enough to feel that what Day Lewis —and, following his lead, most of the reviewers—consider her finest poem, 'The Shepherd's Coat', has been overpraised; that it does not, in fact, quite 'come off *'as poetry* even when it has exacted that mental co-operation which her best work demands. The last couplet floods the poem with meaning. Once that has been done we should be able to re-read it with an increased appreciation of the significance of all that led up to that conclusion; but, in fact, that does not happen. This poem and 'Return' are perhaps trying to convey more than can be encompassed in poetry at all; to comprehend in words what can only be apprehended by the spirit. The ending of the first and the opening of the second are signposts to this unknown terrain; but they are no more. Our full appreciation of them depends upon our having had something of the same haunting visitations as the poet has received from the world beyond the senses: kinship of experience must precede our distillation of their meaning, and this is a narrowing of the poet's illumination which we do not find in her best work.

For the poems in her later mood that are most successful, we might instance half a dozen: 'The Field to the Snow', 'A Choir of Close-knit Bones', 'Save Our Souls', 'After the Gleaners', 'A Rough Walk Home', and 'Remembering the Adored', poems that are a happy blend of Keats's 'drainless shower of light' and of that spiritual power which he identified with 'Might half leaning on its own right arm'.

In fire we put the past to bed,

she tells us in the last poem in the book; and, in a sense, these half-a-dozen lyrics are all 'phoenix poems'. They represent a reconciliation, a coming to terms with the limitations of daily life and the problems of existence; a serenity *beyond* because *through* the flames: they are all poems of ultimate acceptance. The first accepts the need of expiation for true pardon; the second the need of renewed suffering to keep the soul in the bright company of those who have endured to the end: she pleads that sorrow may not become a deadening thing but a purgative renewal. 'Save Our Souls' is a cry of anguished trust from the very depths of pain and sorrow:

Let down, let down, down, down,
To sightless deeps your tenuous ropes.
Our anguish has a hand, that gropes
For melody, for the light-song of the sun;

and, at the same time, it has affinities with 'The Retreat' of Vaughan and Wordsworth's Immortality Ode:

> On rose-leaf heights we too were born,
> But spirit falters, or the proud foot slips;
> We fell so far that none may hear us moan
> Save you, save you, perhaps,
> Who conjure us to beware oblivion.

Technically, that poem is one of her most felicitous achievements. 'After the Gleaners' is a gentler exhortation to constancy in the struggle to help 'bring home the sheaves' of the spirit. 'A Rough Walk Home', pitched in a similar lower key, tells the simple story of a man caught in a storm, sheltering in a barn, and suddenly, in a mystical flash, glimpsing the totality of life in focus:

> Asleep, and not aware yet they are slumbering,
> Men walk alone. Is this, then, the awakening?

He *knows*—yet knows not how he knows:

> A year or twenty years may pass,
> Carting muck, or scything grass,
> But now I've done with discontent.
> I can't say where or when I learnt
> To bear in mind what no man knows
> Yet always knew. It comes and goes,
> For ever wears a different guise,
> The ghost, the given-again surprise.

Finally, 'Remembering the Adored' is a poem of one who, because she has learned the reality of God through suffering, knows the mystic's recompensing vision:

> Holy my universe! The snows of God
> Have soared in a wild cherry-tree;

and it is the combination of the two that enables her to trust blindly in ultimate justice and Divine purpose when there is no human answer:

> Oh hard rebirth!
> The vision at sunrise and at noon the bomb!
> Again the random child by robot thumb
> Of war rubbed out; next door the half-wit battering
> With only a fist a wall, his futile rage
> The indictment of a universe.
> I knelt in blood, remembering the Adored.

The best of her later work is achieved in a poetry of balance and unification, and with the easing of tension in the thought has come a corresponding clarification of rhythm and imagery; form and content fuse in these articulated resolutions of the poet's conflicts—and Man's. No extravagant or hyperbolical claims, absolutely or comparatively, are made for Miss Bowes Lyon's work—and she would be the first to feel uneasy about it if they were. Sincerity and strength within the self-imposed limits of her range; a disciplined control of image and cadence, and a deep sensitivity to spiritual values: these are the essence of her work. She writes with her whole personality, and this integration of a rich, complex, and at times almost mystical experience, in verse of a controlled verbal and technical felicity entitles her to a high and enduring place among contemporary English poets.

> Some covet life to lose it; some agree
> With Christ at last, like dew the sun draws up;

of that small company is Lilian Bowes Lyon.